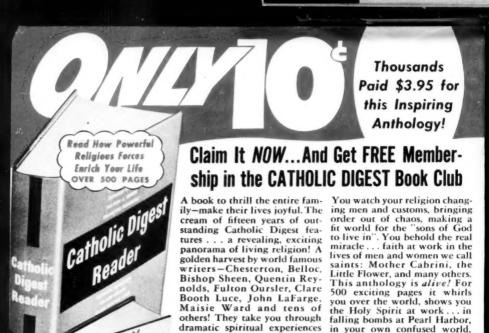
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### OUR LADY OF THE AMERICAS

JIM BISHOP

Men of Mexico still wear the tilma, a garment like the one the Virgin imprinted with her picture for Juan Diego centuries ago

ITTLE JORGE pawed listlessly at his sopa de tortillas. When one is seven, and the tonsils are big, even tortillas taste like old shoelaces. His grandma sat next to him, and from time to time she patted his head, hugged him, and whispered the little words of love that must always come from abuelitas. Little Jorge did not like this because the Yangui was looking. The Yangui had been brought home to lunch by Jorge's father, and the Yanqui spoke a strange tongue with no music in it.

"I do not like Americans," little Jorge said flatly, "because they are

not Mexicans."

This brought a burst of apologetic laughter from his handsome father and lovely mother. Abuelita patted him, and little Jorge laughed too. He knew that he had said something clever. His older brother Raul, who can bring tortillas halfway to his mouth and flip them the rest of the way, looked at the Yanqui and said that he liked Americans. Sincerely. They are big and unafraid, and Raul forgives them for the War of 1848, and for taking one-third of his beloved Mexico away.

"At Vera Cruz," he remarked gravely, "their cannon made our soldiers jump out of the battlements

wrapped in our flag. This was sad."

The Yangui was impressed. Raul had learned these things, and many more, in the school of the Benedictines in Mexico City. It was not easy to get an opinion on Americans from Chelita. Her real name is Consuelo. She is 15 and taller than her mother, but her dark loveliness is drowned in shyness. After much prodding, she looked at her mother for permission, and then, with strained dignity she said that she likes Americans, especially Elizabeth Taylor and Stewart Granger, and something called Three Coins in the Fountain.

The maid took the tortilla plates away, and Señora Garcia, mother of the children, stacked fresh plates in front of her and ladled out helpings of albondigas a la Mexicana, which to the Yanqui was nothing more than meat balls with rice, egg, onion, and spices. Later there would be a salad with wine vinegar and frijoles refritos (mashed beans), tortillas (corncakes), which taste like hot matzoths, and jellied quince for dessert.

The Yanqui paid little attention to the nice lunch. He was thinking, and whenever he did that at mealtime, he could not remember what he had been eating. He was thinking that he was down here in Mexico City to get a story about Our Lady of Guadalupe (this was his main objective), but he also wanted to find out how a Mexican family lives and what its problems are.

The Yanqui was worried about the Guadalupe story because he is an old gray-haired American reporter who finds it hard to believe what he cannot see. "How can I write about an apparition of the blessed Mother," he kept asking himself, "when I know that she was seen by only one poor Indian? There is too much likelihood that he had religious delusions."

The other job he liked much better. One could understand a Mexican family at once. After only a week of observing, he had come to three distinct conclusions: middleclass Mexicans are cleaner than Americans; Mexicans are more tolerant of Americans than vice versa; American Catholicism can still learn from that of other countries.

He did not have to lift his eyes to see the faces around the table. He had seen them, and committed them to memory. At the head of the table was Raul Garcia Vidal. 45, dark and good-looking, part Spanish, part Indian. His brown eyes had blue edging. He runs a small travel agency at Reforma 44 called Mexamerica. His English is fluent enough to permit him such sentences as: "This is what puts a guy behind the eight ball." Half his business is with rich Mexicans who wish to travel to Europe; the other half is with Americans who wish to visit Mexico. He was born in Chihuahua, which is famous for small dogs and big men.

Next to him, now working on

the salad, was Raul. Raul gave up all motion pictures for Lent, and felt that this was a real sacrifice because now he would have no one to play with. He was astonished when he found that all the other children in the neighborhood had given up movies, too, so there was everyone to play with. Next on Raul's right was little Jorge—which is pronounced Hor-r-ga. He, like every sensible person between the Rio Grande and the Magellan Straits, knew that our Lady had indeed appeared to the Indian and he even knew the date, 1531.

Next to him was Abuelita (little grandma), daddy's mother, whose formal name is Señora Carmen Vidal de Garcia, a lively bird-like woman of dancing eyes who spoils her grandchildren and pounds out flamboyant classical numbers on an old upright piano. A long time ago, when Pancho Villa defied the Americans, Abuelita's husband lost his fortune, and she was not too proud to scrub tiles in public buildings. At the foot of the table sat Chelita, the growing one, and she would like to have studied the Yanqui reporter if only she could be assured of not meeting his eyes.

Behind Chelita, on the wall, was an aluminum reproduction of the Last Supper. Next to her, coming around the table, was the mother, and head of this household. She is small and neat and pretty, lighter of skin and hair than Raul, and knows no English. She was born in

Sonora, where her father owned a small cigarette factory. One brother is a lawyer, another an engineer.

Like all good housewives, she is a practical economist. Her husband's business is fairly successful. This year he will take in perhaps 100,000 pesos, which is \$8,000 American. Out of this he will use about \$3,600 for his home, his family, his car. her maid. The house is really a modern, two-story apartment. It has three bedrooms upstairs. Downstairs is a sitting room, a dining room, a bright kitchen, and a 20-by-10-foot backyard garden enclosed by a big concrete wall. At a rear corner of the house a circular iron stairway leads to the maid's room. The rent for the house is \$40 a month; the maid is paid about \$10 a month. (She cooks and cleans.)

The house is at Valparaiso 91, in the Linda Vista section of Mexico City. Except in the early morning, the temperature is always summery; the sky is always bright with fat dumpling clouds. In the rainy season (May to September), it will rain suddenly and violently, and it will stop just as quickly.

Raul is in his travel agency at 8:45 A.M., and has the help of two clerks and an office boy until 6 P.M., when the agency closes. He works until 7 cleaning up loose ends, and is home by 7:30. Formerly, there was a siesta from 1 until 4 P.M., a period during which all good Mexicans ate dinner and then slept. This custom is dying hard, but in many offices it

has been reduced to a single hour.

Raul's car is a 1951 Chevrolet in good condition. South of the Rio Grande, a car gets good care, because a new one costs more than \$4,000. Anything that comes from the U.S. is costly; anything from Mexico is, by American standards, very cheap.

Mrs. Garcia uses rolls which are shaped like tiny loaves of Vienna bread. These cost slightly less than a cent apiece. A pound of good butter comes to 40¢. A suit of clothes for Raul hits \$45. A pair of nylon stockings can be bought for 40¢; a good street dress, \$12; a pair of shoes, \$10; a man's shirt, \$2.50.

"This sounds great," the Yanqui said, until he learned that the average white-collar worker is paid \$65 a month; the average farm worker, \$25 a month. Then he began to see how the great squeeze works. Farm workers are so poor they live in field-stone huts roofed with scrap tin.

Now, within easy walking distance of these hovels are the great glittering skyscrapers of Mexico City. In them, in deep pile rugs, the *Americano* dines in comfort. A boy in a green coat brings his butter and rolls. A captain takes his order for food. A man in a white coat delivers it to him. Everything from shrimp to lobster must be made to his order. When the meal is done, his bill comes to \$3.75. To the man with an American expense account, this is nothing. To the Mexican, it is unattainable.

It is cheaper for an American to spend a vacation in luxury in Mexico City than it is for him to spend one at a moderate-price hotel in Miami Beach or Los Angeles. The only person who cannot afford the continental glitter of Mexico City is the Mexican.

There is very little real communism in Mexico, because membership requires sustained fervor. The only thing that a Mexican can remain excited about is religion. He can raise a temporary temperature about politics, economics, drinking, love, and social injustice. But his fixed passion centers about the Catholic Church. He not only goes to his church on Sunday; he comes back often during the week and brings the whole family. He kneels in a pew, or on the stone floor, not in awe, but like a man who wants to have a private chat with a highly placed Friend. If his Friend pulls him out of a bad spot, the Mexican will spend a big part of his income putting a six-inch stone into the wall of the church inscribed, "Gratitud—M. Lopez. Mayo, 1955." If his Friend denies the favor, the Mexican shrugs, and says it wouldn't have been good for it to have been granted:

"You do not believe in the aparición," said Raul softly.

The Yanqui looked up from his pale green Mexican tea.

"Sure. It's a matter of faith. . . ."
"Faith, my foot!" said Raul, and
the square, white, Clark Gable teeth

began to show. "It's a matter of history. You believe in George Washington?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"No."

"The Virgen de Guadalupe is the same. If she did not appear to the Indian, this is the most colossal fraud in history. Finish your tea."

The Yanqui finished. Raul got his hat. In Spanish, he told the family that he would take the Yanqui on a tour of the basilica. It is a few streets away from Valparaiso 91. The guest thanked Mrs. Garcia and Abuelita and the children. Never, he said, had he enjoyed such a luncheon. This, said Señora, is nothing. It is more important that you come back and visit us again.

The two men walked the hot sidewalks. Behind them, the big buildings of Mexico City shimmered in midday heat. Ahead lay a huge old brown church, half hidden behind new colonnades and an old courtyard. This was where our Lady appeared in 1531. As they walked, Raul talked. The Yanqui made notes on a sheaf of Del Prado hotel letterheads.

"The Lady," said Raul, "is almost unknown in the U.S."

"Why should she be? She's Mexico's queen."

"She is the patron of all the Americas."

"Who says so?"

"Pius XII."

"Oh!"

That night, the Yanqui sat on the edge of his bed and kicked his shoes off. His feet were pulsing like hearts. The small of his back ached. The sun glare still rimmed his eyes. He unsnapped his belt, lowered his head onto a snowy pillow, and studied his notes. After awhile, he got up and studied books by Father Vega, Fanchon Royer, and Frances Parkinson Keyes; made more notes.

The tired Yanqui was confused. If the blessed Mother actually appeared to the Indian on the little hill behind the basilica, and if she said, "For I am a merciful Mother to thee and to all thy fellow people on this earth who love me and trust me and invoke my help," then it is almost criminal that many millions of American Catholics do not know that Our Lady of Guadalupe is the patron of the whole continent. If she did not appear, then the whole story is an Indian hoax and is better left unmentioned.

In the morning, he went back to the site and studied it again. He wanted proof, but there was none. He saw the huge basilica, the pilgrims from all over the world moving like ants into a nest, the barren hill of Tepeyac behind it, the Indian market to the right, smelling of old cooked meats and fresh papaya, the Indian chapel on top of the hill, and the cemetery behind it.

Stone and earth and blood. Items which can be seen anywhere.

It was on the third day of his pilgrimage that the Yanqui began to see the story as history, as well as an apparition of gigantic import. When it dawned on him that this was not in any sense a pious fraud, he became excited, and sat in his room going over the original story again and again, looking for a loophole. Simply, he reasoned, the facts are these.

Columbus discovered the New World in 1492. By 1531, Cortes had conquered Mexico and had brought the Franciscans in from Spain to convert the Indians. The Indians did not convert easily. They could not understand the economics of trading in several gods in return for One.

The first bishop of Mexico, Don Fray Juan de Zumárraga, a lean, scholarly ascetic, thus had a problem. He had many priests and much baptismal water and 200,000 Indians in the city alone, but somehow, he couldn't bring the three together. If ever there was a time for the blessed Mother to appear, this was it—when the continent was brand new and pagan. The Pilgrims would not reach Plymouth Rock for almost 90 years.

In the hills behind Tepeyac lived an Indian convert named Juan Diego. He was 55, a widower, sad of eye, and lonesome. He lived in the village of Cuautitlán in an adobe shack with no window. When he was converted, he had dropped the Indian name of Cuatitlatoatzin in favor of the Spanish Juan Diego. The Spaniards also gave him a small job, and with it a *tilma*. This is an outer garment made of white hemp, rougher than a canvas sack. It has a hole for the head and hangs like a fore-and-aft apron. On the lower rear edge of the *tilma*, the Spaniards stamped a number, to show that it was their property.

Juan had an uncle named Juan Bernardino (another convert) who lived alone in the village of Tolpetlac. Bernardino was not well. So Juan moved to this village, built a hut-cave under the nose of a hill, and tried to care for his uncle.

In early December, 1531, probably the second Saturday, Juan Diego put on his *tilma* at dawn and started over the hills to Mexico City. He wanted to attend Mass and catechism class. He was on a narrow path between the hill of Tepeyac and a lake when he heard music. The dawn was still faint gray-green in the east, but suddenly the hill to the west, Tepeyac, was bathed in brilliant gold. A voice called to him, "Juanito, Juan Diegito" ("Little John Diego").

Juan's reaction, as chronicled by his contemporary, Antonio Valeriano, was to ask himself, "Have I ceased to sleep?"

He wasn't frightened. He turned toward the voice, and halfway up the hill of Tepeyac saw a lady. Juan did not seem to notice her face. His attention was magnetized by the fact that bars of light radiated from her as though she were standing directly in front of the sun. She wore a brilliant blue gown with many gold stars. Around her, the prickly plants sparkled as though with emeralds.

She said, "Juanito, the least of my sons, where art thou going?" He nodded gravely, as though this was something that might happen any day in the week, and said, "My Lady, I must needs go to the church at Tlaltelolco, to study divine mysteries, which are taught to us by our priests, the emissaries of our Lord and Saviour."

The next words she uttered seared into his mind so deeply that Juan could recite them without faltering until the day he died.

"Know and take heed, thou, the least of my sons, that I am holy Mary, ever Virgin, Mother of the true God for whom we live, the Creator of all the world, Maker of heaven and earth. I urgently desire that a temple should be built to me here, to bear witness to my love, my compassion, my succor and protection. For I am a merciful Mother to thee and to all thy fellow people on this earth who love me and trust me and invoke my help.

"I listen to their lamentations and solace all their sorrows and their suffering. Therefore, to realize all that my clemency claims, go to the palace of the bishop in Mexico, and say that I sent thee to make manifest to him my great desire, namely that here in the valley a temple should be built to me. Tell him word for word all that thou hast

seen and heard and admired. Be assured that I shall be grateful and that I will reward thee, for I will make thy life happy and cause thee to become worthy of the labor thou hast taken and the trouble thou performest to do that which I enjoin thee. Now thou hast heard all my bidding, least of my sons. Go and do thy utmost."

Juan Diego bowed politely. "Lady," he said, "I go to do your bidding. As your humble servant, I take my leave of you."

So far, so good, the Yanqui thought. The ignorant person might say, well, as long as she wanted a temple built at Tepeyac, why didn't she appear before the bishop? The answer to that is that an apparition before a bishop is weak in value compared to an apparition before an ignorant man of good faith. Besides, the Yanqui reminded himself, the bishop did not need converting. Nine million Indians in Mexico were waiting for a sign to happen to them.

Juan Diego, after a little trouble, got to see Bishop Zumárraga. The bishop was attentive. Juan told the whole story, word for word. His Excellency raised a hand. "You must come again, sometime, my son, when I can hear you more at my leisure."

Dismissed. Who can blame the bishop? Religious crackpots have been with us always. They see things. They hear things. The priests in the episcopal residence

looked at Juan, and gave each other the faint, knowing smile.

Juan Diego walked home. He was not surprised that the bishop had turned him down. The Indian wasn't stupid. All the evidence that is left from that day to this, all the records, show that Juan Diego expected no one to believe him.

Halfway up Tepeyac hill, he saw the radiant Virgin waiting. "Niña mia," he whispered, tenderly and respectfully. He told what had happened. "I understood perfectly, by the manner in which he replied," said Juan, "that he thinks I am inventing the story of your wish to have a temple here, and that it is not a real order from you. So I beg you most earnestly, my Lady, to send someone of importance, well known, respected."

He could not appreciate the fact that she had selected him solely because he was unimportant, because he represented the oldest people in the New World, because he represented the fatherhood of all the generations yet unborn in Central America, South America, the U.S., and Canada. Juan Diego was the ideal symbol.

Softly, patiently, she told him that she had many messengers, "But it is altogether necessary that thou thyself shouldst undertake this entreaty and that through thy own mediation and assistance my purpose should be accomplished."

It couldn't be plainer, and the Indian was too untutored to have

made it up. He promised to return to the bishop and to come back to Tepeyac "tomorrow afternoon, when the sun is setting."

On Sunday morning he went to Mass, and remained for the roll call of Indians present. Then he received instructions in Christian doctrine. It was after 10 A.M. when Juan arrived at the episcopal residence. The priests and servants remembered. They said that the bishop was busy. Another said that he had retired to prayer. A third said that he was in a conference with his counselors. Juan Diego sat in his *tilma* to wait.

He sat for hours. The priests found that the tick of the clock could not discourage Juan, and, at last, he was admitted to the bishop. He stammered that the blessed Mother had asked him to come back, that she wanted a temple built at Tepeyac; but, at this point, Juan Diego broke down and wept. "God grant that this may be so!" the Indian said over and over.

The bishop was becoming impatient. Tears, he said, would get Juan nowhere. He must state the facts, and be prepared to answer questions. The Indian mastered his feelings and, with tears shimmering on his lids, answered the questions. The bishop and the priests asked what the blessed Mother looked like; what her voice sounded like; what she had said in the morning; what she had said in the afternoon; why did she want the church

built there; was anyone with her; what was the Indian doing at Tepeyac at that time; "tell us again the words she used."

They couldn't trip him. The bishop became convinced that this was an Indian of good heart who was suffering from delusions. He dismissed Juan kindly, and suggested that if he saw the Lady again, to ask her for some sort of sign as evidence that Juan really represented her.

The Indian bowed and left. The bishop ordered his retainers to follow the man, and report back to him. It was an easy assignment. Yet, when they followed him across the ravine under the bridge of Tepeyac, Diego vanished. They searched everywhere for him, but he was gone. They returned to Mexico City, and told the bishop that the Indian was some sort of charlatan who had pulled a trick on them and vanished.

Up on the hill, Juan repeated to the Queen of Heaven exactly what the bishop had said. If she was hurt by the doubts of the bishop, she did not show it.

"So be it, my son," she said softly. "Return here tomorrow, in order that thou mayest secure for the bishop the sign for which he has asked. When this is in thy posses-



The Garcia family, symbol of Mexico and all Latin-America today, listen to daddy read a story. There is Chelita, grandmother, lorge, mother, father and Raul. To them, religion is not a Sunday diversion; it's part of daily life.

sion, he will believe thee. He will no longer doubt thy word and suspect thy good faith. Be assured that I shall reward thee for all that thou hast undergone. Go now. Tomorrow I shall await thee here

again."

She waited. But Juan Diego did not meet her. He had stopped in at his uncle's little home, and found Juan Bernardino dying of cocolixtle, an Indian fever. Juan sat with his uncle most of the day, wondering sorrowfully if this, his last family tie, was about to be severed. At the end of this third day (Monday) Uncle Juan asked his nephew if he would please hurry in to Mexico City and bring a Franciscan Father back with him.

At dawn on Tuesday, he was off and, as he neared Tepeyac, he took a pathway to the east. This is important because, as Diego admitted later, he was so overcome by the condition of his uncle, that he did not wish to see the Lady. Juan Diego was hurrying in the chill of dawn toward the church at Tlaltelolco when, to his dismay, he saw her coming down the hill toward him.

She didn't chide him for failing her the day before. Her first words were, "What is the matter, least of my sons? Where art thou going?"

The Indian was ashamed and frightened. "God grant that you may be content with me!" he said, bowing his head. There was no answer, so, still hanging his head, Juan said, "I am going to cause you grief. I must tell you that a poor servant of yours, my uncle, is seriously ill. He has the plague, and is about to die." He told her that he was hurrying for a priest, but that he would return and deliver her message to the bishop.

She saw that he was frightened, and soothed him by saying, "Do not fear this illness nor any other illness nor affliction. Am I not here beside thee, I, thy merciful Mother? Let nothing distress nor harass thee. As to the illness of thy uncle, he will not die of it. Indeed, I ask thee to accept as a certainty my assurance that he is already cured."

Juan felt better at once. If la Madre de Dios said that his uncle would not die, he would not die. He offered to go at once to the bishop's palace without stopping for a priest. This must have been the moment she had been waiting for.

"Go, my son," she said, "to the summit of the hill where thou didst see me before and where I gave thee thy first orders. There thou wilt find flowers. Gather them and assemble them. Then fetch them hither."

Juan Diego started up the hill. On the summit, he was astounded to find a large patch of growing Castilian roses. He touched them, and they were dewy. The Indian marveled at this because 1, the hill was frosty on December mornings; 2. roses did not grow in this part

of the country at this time of year; 3. Tepeyac was a barren hill whose soil was (and is) so strongly alkaline that nothing will grow out of it except mesquite and prickly pear.

In the morning cold, he picked the roses, crooked his arm under the front of his *tilma*, and placed the roses in the fold. He started down the hill again, and when he reached the blessed Mother she smiled and took the roses up in her own hands and rearranged them.

"Least of my sons," she said, "this cluster of roses is the sign which you are to take to the bishop. You are to tell him, in my name, that in them he will recognize my will and that he must fulfill it. I enjoin you that only in the presence of the bishop shall you unfold your mantle and disclose that which you carry."

Juan folded the front of the tilma over the roses, so that they were hidden, and started for Mexico City again. At the palace, he said that he wanted to see the bishop, but the functionaries pretended not to hear him. Juan decided not to ask any more. He stood in the tile foyer, his dark head hanging, the folds of his tilma close to his chest.

The servants passed him many times. He did not move. Some asked what he was concealing. Juan did not answer. One or two felt that his silence was insolent, and they threatened him. The Indian pulled the *tilma* open a trifle,

In 1921, a religion-hating fanatic hid a time bomb in a bouquet of flowers on the basilica's main altar, immediately beneath Juan Diego's tilma. The explosion wrecked the altar, twisted a bronze crucifix, shattered all the windows in the basilica, but did not even crack the glass in front of the tilma.

Francis Larkin, SS.CC., in The Preservation of the Home (Feb.-Mar. '55).

and they saw fresh roses. They knew that such roses did not grow here at this time of year, and they looked upon Juan with a little awe.

They tried to snatch the flowers from him, but he held tight to the *tilma*. One, who almost got a rose, claimed that they were not growing flowers, but merely floral designs embroidered on the *tilma*.

They went to tell the bishop. He came into the room and stood several feet from Juan Diego. The Indian went through his little speech, explaining exactly what had happened. The bishop had asked for a sign. Now he had one.

"Behold and receive them," said Juan Diego, and he dropped his arm. The roses scattered on the tile floor. The bishop took one look, gasped, and fell to his knees. His lips moved in whispered prayer, and tears stood in his eyes. The others in the room fell to their knees and blessed themselves.

The Indian was surprised. He

figured that they must see something that he did not. So he looked down. There, on the front of the *tilma*, was a beautiful image of the blessed Mother exactly as he had seen her on the hill.

Now he understood why she had rearranged the roses.

The Yanqui folded his notes, and placed a lid on the portable type-writer. The hour was late. From the 9th floor of the Del Prado hotel, the boulevard Juarez was deserted. Somewhere, the brakes of a car squealed and, to the west, a yard engine whistled. The Yanqui had a morning appointment with Raul Garcia, but he knew that sleep was out of the question. There was too much to think about.

For instance, the tilma, back in 1531, became an object of veneration. The bishop arranged a parade of soldiers and Indians to carry it from the diocesan church in Mexico City to the little church built for Our Lady of Guadalupe at the foot of Tepeyac hill. En route, the Indians fired arrows in the air in happy celebration. One fell on an Indian, and as the blood spurted from his neck he seemed to die at once. A Franciscan friar knelt beside him, said a quick prayer to Our Lady of Guadalupe, yanked the arrow out, and the Indian lived. This seemed to be the first miracle associated with the apparition, and it occurred with hundreds of people watching.

On the day that the image was first seen on the *tilma*, priests and monsignors accompanied Juan Diego back to his uncle's little hut. The old man was sitting up. He felt better, he said. One of the priests started to tell the old man what had happened to Juan Diego when the uncle suddenly burst out with a story of his own, insisting that he knew everything that had happened to his nephew because "she has been here." He kept pointing to the floor of the hut.

He explained that shortly after Juan had left for the priest the Queen of Heaven had appeared before him, and he described how she was attired. (Note: the tilma was now in the episcopal palace, but Juan Bernardino described the appearance of the blessed Mother exactly as she appeared on the tilma and at Tepeyac.) She told him to fear not, that he would get well: and to him she entrusted the name of the new church: Santa Maria de Guadalupe Siempre Virgen. (Holy Mary of Guadalupe Ever Virgin.)

In Mexico City, Zumárraga not only examined the *tilma* with care; he called in art experts to study it too. He noted that the seam of the garment ran right through the Virgin's blue robe. He touched the garment, and it was rough and bumpy. The art experts said that there was no known way in which anyone could paint on a *tilma*. Besides, in all Mexico there was

no one who could paint like this. A few centuries later, new art experts would use a corrosive acid on the corner of this tilma and the acid would only leave a sort of high-water mark. Other tilmas, made exactly the way Juan's was, and made at the same time, would disintegrate into loose lint in 200 years. The original tilma, with the unfaded image on it, is now in a glass case over the main altar of the basilica. It looks completely intact and, on the back of it is the Spanish mark stamped there by the authorities in 1531.

The only thing that the original art experts could not understand was the gray pallor of our Lady's face. This, they agreed, was a mistake of some sort. The Mother of God could not have skin like this. But they were wrong. It would take another ten years (1541) before they realized what the gray skin meant. When the first generation of Indians married the first generation of Spaniards, the first generation of babies from this mixed union would always be gray of skin. Later generations would be bronze or tan, but that first one would always be gray. Thus the image was correct as to skin tone before mixed babies had been born to prove it.

The Yanqui puffed cigarette after cigarette. He argued with

himself. He tried to prove that the whole thing must be a fraud, and then he had to answer himself that it could not be. There were too many factors which could not be explained away. Besides, for such a fraud to work, it would be necessary for the bishop and his priests and retainers to be in on it; the Indian would have to be intelligent enough to withstand questioning by experts; a gifted painter would have to be smuggled into Mexico; he would have to discover a way of painting on thin braided rope without sizing; the old uncle would have to be made very ill (because every Indian in the village knew that he was dying) and then made well again; the tilma would require an undiscovered treatment to keep it from decay over the hundreds of years, and someone would have to find fresh roses in December.

In the morning, the Yanqui met Raul Garcia. The two walked into the basilica and the Yanqui was permitted to enter the sanctuary, where he mounted a marble staircase and studied the tilma. Then he came down, knelt briefly, mumbled, and stood.

"What did you say?" Raul whispered.

"I believe," the Yanqui murmured. "What else is there to say?"

The only difference between stumbling blocks and stepping stones is in the way you use them.

\*\*Carnation\* (Sept.-Oct. '54').



# the Open Door

On one of my frequent visits to the hospital with magazines for the sick, the Father Director

told me that one of the patients, Ricardo Castro, wanted to thank me for a favor. The Father explained, "Castro had always been an atheist. His parents were Protestants, but did not think of having him baptized. He may die any moment. We tried to lead him towards religion, but all our efforts were vain.

"A few weeks ago I noticed a change in him: he was gentler; he asked his roommates about Confession; he began to slip into the chapel for Sunday Mass. I asked him the reason.

"'Father,' he said, 'for many years I have been asking myself whether life had any sense, and I could never find an answer. Recently, I found an answer, in an article in Lo Mejor, entitled A Psychiatrist Discovers God. Since then, I have been trying to be better, so that God may not be ashamed of me after I have been baptized." L.M.A. (San José, Costa Rica). (Note: The article mentioned by Ricardo Castro, A Psychiatrist Discovers God, by Dr. M. A. Kline, was published in the October-November, 1954, issue of Lo Mejora and in the July, 1954, CATHOLIC DIGEST.)

A SKIER at a Midwest tournament blessed himself as he was taking off on a long, dangerous jump. Another skier, standing near me, asked about it. I told him that the Sign of the Cross was used by Catholics to signify belief in the redemption wrought by Christ on the cross. This started such a line of questions that I urged my new acquaintance to visit a priest. That he did, and was soon admitted into the Church.

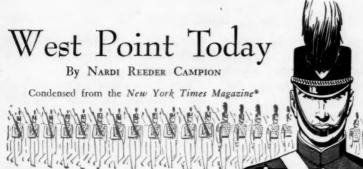
Joseph Papara.

BIGOTRY backfired, in my case, and the force of the recoil sent me to the very door of the Church; arthritis took me through the door.

I am in my early 30's, and for 15 years have been so severely afflicted with arthritis that I could not attend services in my own church, even had I wished. But all my life I had been exposed to attacks on the Catholic Church; finally I decided to investigate the charges for myself. I answered the Knights of Columbus advertisement offering information, took the mail-instruction course, and passed it with high marks. Somehow my family could not understand my desire to have a priest come to see me.

By now, my arthritis grew so unbearable that I had to be taken to the hospital, where the chaplain heard my story and received me into the Church. Jane Kight.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]



W EST POINT, the U.S. Military Academy, differs from every other college in the U.S.

Most college students pay tuition; a West Pointer gets paid for going to school. Uncle Sam gives him room and board plus a salary of \$81.12 per month. When a man enters the academy, he takes an oath to serve his country. He then becomes a member of the armed forces. This status means that, should he commit any serious breach of discipline, his penalty will be more than a scolding by the dean. He may be courtmartialed and possibly sent to prison.

During the plebe's (freshman's) first two months, he is given intensive military training. The tough plebe summer is really an indoctrination (a word that is anathema to most colleges) into military life. The new cadet must adjust rapidly to meet immense pressure put on him purposely by the upper classmen. The older men supervise every minute of the plebe's 16-hour daily schedule.

For four years the cadet leads a

The new "supe" sometimes dresses in the dark

Spartan existence inconceivable to the average college student. He gets up at 5:50 A.M. He goes to bed at 10:15 P.M. In his room he has only a bed, table, wooden chair, mirror, and clothes locker. No rug, no curtains, no pictures. He is allowed one small photograph on the top shelf of his locker. According to regulations, some of which are 150 years old, a cadet may have "no horse, no wife, no mustache"; he is allowed no alcohol, no pets, no automobile (until just before graduation), and no leave until he has been at the academy eleven full months.

One of the basic rules of West Point, according to Gen. Blackshear M. Bryan, the new superintendent, is that "in this uniform there can be no favoritism as to money or family background. That

\*Times Square, New York City 36. Feb. 27, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

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means a man stands on his own at the military academy."

Cadet discipline is based on an elaborate system of rewards and punishments. A cadet may receive demerits for anything from "dust on mirror" to "AWOL." If a man gets too many demerits he is dismissed from the academy. Only once in the last 153 years has a cadet gone through four years without receiving a single demerit. He later became superintendent of the academy and one of America's greatest military leaders. His name was Robert E. Lee.

The character-training program at West Point rests upon an honor system administered by the cadets themselves. It turns on the single idea that a cadet will not lie, steal, nor cheat; and it makes a man responsible for reporting himself or anyone else who breaks this rule. In this connection, General Bryan says, "I want to cut out the practice of having a cadet certify his word in writing. An honorable man's spoken word has to be as good as his written word. What we are trying to do here is build character, not keep a record."

The academic program is as highly disciplined as the rest of West Point life. There are no electives, no snap courses, no class cuts, no big lecture courses. West Point seeks to "give the cadet a balanced and liberal education in the arts and sciences." In recent years the curriculum has been expanded (it

now includes Russian), and new methods of instruction have been introduced.

But the fundamental principle of the academic program was laid down by the father of the academy, Sylvanus Thayer, in 1812. He said, "Every cadet will recite every day in every subject."

Because Thayer stressed small classes and individual instruction, classes are limited to between ten and 14 students. The 2,496 cadets are graded daily in each subject. As one cadet put it, "Up here they give you a \$1-million education—and force it down your throat nickel by nickel."

Much stress is placed on grades, which are figured to the third decimal and posted each week. Every month, students are shifted from section to section according to their marks. If a cadet fails one subject, he is expelled. About 20% of each class flunk out.

Physical education at West Point is not a course; it is a way of life. In addition to required athletics, West Pointers enter intercollegiate competition in 18 sports, amounting to nearly 400 contests a year.

When General Bryan was asked if he agrees that athletics are valuable in teaching leadership, he answered, "Let's take a look at the class of '15. Nine members of that varsity football team remained in service. All nine of them became generals, and today they wear a total of 27 stars. To me, this is

proof that football—and this applies to other contact sports as well—can teach a man to fight through opposition to obtain his objective."

Nevertheless, General Bryan, who was a star tackle in his day, confesses that he does not really enjoy watching Army players in action. When he himself was coach at West Point in 1925-26, he worried so much about the players that he still has the habit. He likes to see Army win, but he puts first things first. He tells the football players, "Your first job is to be a cadet. Your second job is to be an outstanding cadet. Your third job is to be an outstanding football player."

The new superintendent has a somewhat nonstandard approach to a rather standardized job. He first proved it by showing up in the cadet mess at 5:30 A.M. for a cup of coffee. After coffee, the general inspected the cadet companies at the 6 A.M. formation. The cadets were quick to take precautions against this kind of "surprise attack," and now, when the general turns on his lights, he can hear a plebe yelling in the barracks across the way, "Heads up, everybody! Supe's up!

One morning, General Bryan dressed in the dark and was able to surprise the cadets at the reveille inspection. Walking across the area afterward, he overheard upper classmen bawling out a plebe for not sounding the warning. "Sir," said the plebe, "the superintendent must have dressed in the dark."

This made no dent on the upper classmen: they continued to pour it onto the plebe. The general went up to the cadets' room, opened the door without knocking, and said, "Lay off the kid. He's right. I dressed in the dark." One cadet dropped his comb and brush, another his razor. Shaving soap went flying all over the room.

People who work with General Bryan have come to expect the unexpected from him. Once, in Korea, when he found a sergeant sleeping while his men worked, General Bryan simply took out his pen knife and cut off the sergeant's chevrons.

General Bryan has strong tastes. The thing he dislikes most is indecision ("I hate indecision like hound dogs hate porcupines"). He

### No Weight to Throw Around

Most of West Point's 2,496 cadets are appointed by members of Congress. Each Senator and Representative may appoint four. They are usually chosen through competitive examinations. Once the candidate is appointed he still must pass exacting mental and physical examinations. No one is accepted, for instance, who is under 5 feet 6 inches or over 6 feet 4, and it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a fat man to enter the academy.

also hates formality, communists, procrastinators, and stuffed shirts. He likes hunting, the Japanese people, skeet shooting, the New York Giants, fishing, and family life. He enjoys cooking; okra gumbo is his specialty. He is also a workshop putterer. His latest repair job was fixing the clock that Lafayette presented to the academy. It is now running accurately for the first time in 100 years,

General Bryan served as a corps commander in the Korean war and he organized the Korean Armistice commission. "During those armistice talks," he recalls, "I used to think about the ending of our own Civil War. There was a lot of West Point at that table between Grant and Lee. How different from the Korean talks! I learned one thing from Panmunjom: the communists have no concept of the word honor as we know it."

A reporter recently asked General Bryan what changes he planned to make at West Point. "Well," drawled the general, "when an institution has been running in excellent fashion for 153 years you don't make changes without doing a lot of thinking."

A recent memo he wrote is an indication of the general's thinking, "We may have forgotten the value of the spoken as opposed to the written word. There are too many directives prescribing every act of a cadet, too many check lists, too many certificates. I insist on

oral instructions and reports whenever possible. I want to stop spelling out the details in order to teach a cadet to think and act according to his best judgment."

General Bryan gives much thought to the problem of developing leadership in a rigidly prescribed life where a man's initiative might ebb under the impact of always being told what to do.

"West Point has produced some great leaders," he points out. "Extroverts like Eisenhower, Sheridan, MacArthur, Patton, and Ridgway. Introverts like Lee, Grant, Stonewall Jackson, Pershing, and Bradlev. Brave men like Summerall, who under fire calmly chalked a target for his men on the gates of Peiping. Unsung heroes like Col. Paddy Flint, who inspired 3,000 men of the 39th Infantry regiment to stencil on their helmets three A's, a bar, and a zero, meaning 'Anything, anywhere, anytime, bar nothing,' and personally led them through the Normandy hedgerows during the 2nd World War. This is the real 'can do' spirit of West Point."

All leaders must know how to obey orders as well as to give them. "To be a leader," General Bryan says, "you have to be natural, use your common sense, and know clearly what it is you want to do. But the No. 1 requirement of leadership, something not always stressed, is that you must first be a human being."

# Tale of the 'Santa Geneveva'

Condensed from "Ice Floes and Flaming Water"\*

FOR HUNDREDS of years we Portuguese have gone across the Atlantic to the Great Banks. Early in March, the men take out their fishing gear and paint their dories. Their women prepare their clothes.

My brother João de Sousa was busiest of all in our village that spring. He was a lucky young man. He was only 24 years old, but he was going out as a captain. For ten years he had been a dory fisherman.

João was made of stern stuff. He never took out all his money when he came back in the fall. He left half of it with the shipowners, to make his proud dream come true. It was a hard thing to do, for our family was poor.

Our father had been a captain, but one summer he did not return. He went down with his two oldest sons and the rest of the crew. When the priest said Mass for the lost men, he told João that he was responsible for the family now. He

By Pablo DE Sousa As told to Peter Freuchen



had to make something of himself so that he could support his mother and sisters. João promised, but the villagers smiled.

The villagers wondered why Rafaela stuck to him faithfully. She was as poor as João, her father had died with mine. But she was like João, always happy and gay, and she grew up to be the prettiest girl in the village. She loved fun and music; she would put a flower in her hair and join the dance in the evening; she sang like an angel, and all the young men in the village were her admirers. They were all forgotten the day João returned from sea.

João had no intention of remaining poor. He was going to have

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his own ship. He planned to buy Rafaela a beautiful house with many rooms. Once married, she would never again have to work with the burning salt that ate its way into her fingers and toes and eyes. Rafaela was going to be a lady. João wanted her to have an easy life so that her beauty would last, and they would love each other for many years.

At last he reached his goal. He was the captain of the *Santa Geneveva*. Now he had gold around his cap, and wore a blue jacket!

He was envied, but all the young men wished to be on his ship. They knew him for his ability and industry, but above all for his good luck. The holy Virgin seemed to have given him a special blessing.

João wished to marry Rafaela as soon as he became a captain, but on further consideration they both decided it was best to wait. When he left, he still had no money to support a wife. Rafaela would have to fend for herself during the summer, and it would not look right for the wife of Captain de Sousa to be working in the salt flats.

The Sunday before his departure, João took Rafaela to church. On Monday morning, he left. He brought Rafaela out to the ship, climbed on deck and gave his first order: "Women and children ashore! Time is up!" Then, "Anchors aweigh!"

The crossing was pleasant and fast. The weather was fair, and

the winds steady. But rain was pouring down when they reached the Banks. When the weather cleared, João searched carefully for the right fishing place.

They did not get much sleep that night. The watchman had put out a line to tempt the cod, and in a moment he had his first catch, a fat octopus. The water was teeming with octopuses. It was his duty to call all hands to let them share his unbelievable luck.

When the octopuses finally disappeared, the *Santa Geneveva* had enough bait to last her through the season. Octopus bait is not only the best, it also lasts indefinitely.

The happy fishermen smiled possessively at their captain. Yes, they agreed, they had done well to go with de Sousa. His luck smiled on all of them.

João sent wordless thanks to the Madonna. The cod were not only plentiful, they were also large. Long cleaning tables were set up on deck. From now on the men would have little rest. The dories returned so fast to the ship with heavy loads that the cleaners and salters could not keep up with them. Every man was put to work, hour after hour. Waste went over the side in an endless stream. Livers were stored separately in huge tanks.

João moved the Santa Geneveva a few times, not because the fishing was bad but because they all were dissatisfied if they did not get

record catches every day. Whenever João moved, the new spot turned out to be better than the

one they had left.

Their usual routine would have taken them, after six weeks on the Banks, as far north as Greenland. Captain de Sousa changed the routine. If their luck lasted, they would be through in another week.

Ten days later they ran out of salt, but the holds were filled up to the hatch openings. They had as much good codfish as any Portuguese had ever caught when Captain de Sousa began the return voyage earlier than ever before. The Madonna was with him. A strong, steady western wind never let up until they saw the Portugal coast.

As they approached the village, the old men there shook their heads over the early return. Something must be wrong. Hadn't they warned the owners against giving command to such a young man? The ship had probably sprung a leak; look how deep she rode! They sent word to Rafaela and João's mother to be prepared for the worst. The poor women were in tears as they waited on shore, praying.

When the villagers realized what had happened, João became their hero. The owners were jubilant, and sent off messages at once to dispose of the precious cargo while prices were still high.

There was no happier couple in our village that summer than Rafaela and João. They talked to the priest, and got married at once. They had no time for a honeymoon. But Rafaela was always with João; she waited patiently and proudly while her husband worked. They bought their own little home, and they both thanked the Madonna.

After two weeks ashore, João was called by the owners. They sent him with a load of salt to Greenland, where two vessels were held up for lack of it. João had invested half his money in the ship, and was as interested as the owners in a quick profit. He hated to part from Rafaela, but his sensible bride urged him to go. He carried a heavy cargo, a little heavier than the rules permitted.

This crossing was different. Fall was in the air, cold weather, and heavy seas. They had a strong headwind most of the time.

João had no trouble finding the two waiting vessels. The captains were impatient. They had been idle for days. They asked Captain de Sousa to unload at once. João did not like the weather. There was a stiff breeze with a heavy swell, and he did not want to take any risk in open sea. He asked the captains to wait or go into one of the sheltered Greenland fjords. The two captains asked if he was afraid. That settled it.

The two motor vessels came close to the Santa Geneveva and hove to, one on each side, putting lines

across. They were close to a large iceberg which offered some protection against the heavy swell.

They had worked only minutes when disaster struck. The towering iceberg gave no warning. The mountain of ice leaned forward without a sound, and toppled. Before the sailors knew what had happened, the icy water hit them like a tidal wave.

The three ships were torn apart. Lines and wires broke like threads, the sound of splintering wood filled the air. The next moment, João was in the water.

The two motor vessels remained afloat. The Santa Geneveva sank like a rock. With the hatches open, tons of water poured into her holds.

Four men went down with the ship. The rest of them were quickly picked up by the fishing vessels. João was numb, and hours went by before he realized the full extent of the disaster. He was without a ship. In a few seconds, he had lost everything he owned in the world, all he had worked for for years.

He was infinitely worse off than ever before. He would never get another ship since he had to take the blame for the disaster. He had been responsible for opening the hatches at sea, against all regulations. It was even stated in the bill of lading that the salt was to be transferred "in safe harbor or closed fjord." And he would be

blamed for the loss of lives. Four men gone down, one of them a 14-year-old boy who had never been to sea before.

The owners were hard on João. They did not blame him; they knew that no captain followed the rule forbidding open hatches at sea. But they also knew that they would receive no insurance money. To protect themselves and the stockholders, they made João agree to pay them half his earnings until the loss was covered. He would be an old man before his debt was paid.

Rafaela smiled through her tears. Their dream was gone, but why should they not dream again? Her mother had always worked in the salt flats, and her mother before her. Rafaela did not mind, but she planned again for the future. And she prayed to the Madonna, asking for another miracle. "Not for my sake, but for the man I love so much," she prayed.

All through the winter she prayed. João worked hard. He was a good husband, and his love for Rafaela never changed, but he was an older and different man; and he seldom smiled. The two women whose sons had been lost avoided him. João was glad when spring came again and he went off to the Banks. This time he sailed on a motor vessel, one dory man among many.

João worked harder than ever before, and it seemed as if his fisherman's luck was the one thing he had not lost. Rafaela was proud of him when he returned. He had fished so well that even after he had paid half of his earnings against his debt, the other half was as much as any dory man had made that summer. If he could keep it up, they would manage all right. And Rafaela went to the chapel to thank the holy Mother for answering her prayers. But how long could he go on working twice as hard as any other man?

Back to the Grand Banks. That year was not so good as the previous one, but still a good average year, with João always ahead of the others.

The summer was well advanced when they went further north, to Davis strait. They had only half a load, but they put their faith in the Greenland cod.

They soon met fog, the dory man's worst enemy. Day after day was dripping wet with heavy, cold fog. The dories could not go far from the ship without being lost.

Finally the sun broke through, the weather cleared and they could speed up work. João was able to fill up his dory before noon and go out again. Something urged him to go far out. He saw an iceberg a mile or two away, and he knew that the largest cod were often found around these beautiful floating mountains.

Fog enveloped him before he reached the berg, and he found

himself becalmed in an eerie silence. He let out his buoy and settled down to his fishing.

For the first time in his life, he felt bitter. Every other fish was for the shipowners. They sat safely at home and took half his earnings.

He was near the place where the Santa Geneveva had gone down. Silently, he sent a prayer to the holy Mother for the four lost men.

When he looked up again he could not believe his eyes. He trembled in fear when he saw the dim outline of a ship in the fog. He shook his head; he dipped both hands into the sea and splashed cold water on his face. The ship was still there, with three masts. The Santa Geneveva!

Slowly the fog cleared. The ship's deck was flush with the water, but soon João could see the bowsprit, the empty bridge. Suddenly, he was angry. He would row to the ship, and right through it, and make it disappear.

As soon as his dory hit the side a little, he felt a jar, the sound of wood against wood, and he was stopped. The ghost ship was real. He looked over the gunwale, he saw the open hatches, he saw mussels and sea shells and barnacles everywhere. This was no mirage. It was a real ship, his ship!

He climbed aboard and found that the deck was solid enough. He peered down the hatches. The miracle he had prayed for had happened. He had asked the Madonna to give him a ship, but he had never thought she would give him back his old one, risen from the deep.

Once again João de Sousa sank to his knees and sent his burning prayers of gratitude to the holy Mother. He asked her to protect his wife Rafaela, who had worked the miracle. She was the one who had never lost faith, she had lit candles in church, brought gifts and flowers to the Madonna.

With all the money João had paid, more than half of the Santa Geneveva was now his. With this thought, João became once more a practical man. He looked into the holds again. The tons of salt were gone. The salt had taken her down, but his Santa Geneveva had only waited patiently for a chance to float again. The solid wooden hull was ready to drift up; it did not take much to send it up to the surface. He tried to remember if the watertanks had been empty when she sank, some of them probably still filled with air. And then the iceberg had come, and given her the little push that was necessary. It was as if the ice had repaid its debt. An iceberg had taken his ship away, an iceberg had returned it.

But his ship would not stay afloat, she would sink once more, unless he could pump her dry. He was racking his brain for a solution when he heard a horn through the fog. He rushed to his dory, and

blew his own horn. Soon he heard an answer, and at last four dories appeared in the fog, four men, lost like himself.

At first, they were scared when they saw him on the deck of the half-submerged ship. They did not think it could be real, but one of them, his old friend Tavares, who had sailed with him before, recognized the Santa Geneveya.

The five men got all the old sails still hanging from the masts, the ropes and lines, everything they could lay their hands on, and built a makeshift dike around the hatch openings, a wall high enough to keep the sea water out. They started to pump by hand. They did not spare themselves, and soon they could see the *Santa Geneveva* rise.

They could go below deck now. João made his way to his old cabin and to the galley. The water reached nearly to his shoulders, but he was happy to splash around in it. When he came back on deck he triumphantly swung a pot in each hand. One of the men rowed across to the iceberg for fresh water. They were desperately thirsty from the pumping.

Suddenly one of the men waved his arms and shouted. Then they all heard a siren, far away, obviously on a steamer.

The siren sounded again and again, closer and closer. The steamer was bearing down on them. They could hear the engines. The five men jumped into their

dories, and blew their own horns for all they were worth. They were heard in time. The steamer did not ram the *Santa Geneveva*, and did not pass them by. João's new luck was still with him!

The steamer was the Portuguese patrol vessel. The captain maneuvered his ship right next to the Santa Geneveva, and a huge hose was brought aboard, down the hatch into the hold. Instead of the five men, the steam engines did the pumping, and the hull proudly rose above the icy water.

João did not find his ship the way it used to be, but the hull was undamaged, tight and strong. He took enough men aboard from the patrol vessel and from other Portuguese ships to help him. The Santa Geneveva was towed to St. Johns, refitted, and finally sailed for Portugal under Captain de Sousa.

The rumors of the wonder preceded João to the village, and a new life began for my brother. He returned to Rafaela and now he is again the hero of our village.



# In Our Parish

In our parish I happened to be visiting the Little Sisters of the Poor when the young men's choir dropped in to entertain the old folks with some lively singing.

Before starting each number, their leader would raise his pitch pipe to his lips and give the correct note. From the looks on the old people's faces, you could easily tell that they were enjoying the concert very much.

After the entertainment was over, one old lady with failing eyesight turned to me and said, "No wonder that one fellow could sing so good. Did you see him take a little nip every time before he started to sing?"

Raymond H. Shade.



In our parish school we were preparing for First Communion. A few days before the big day, I found little Peggy frantically rummaging through her desk. Out came books and tablet. Tears in her eyes, her face white, she leafed through every page of her books.

Finally she burst into sobs, and blurted out, "Sister, someone stole my sins. I had them in my desk and now they're gone."

Sister Herman Joseph.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

# John Ford of Hollywood

By LADDIE MARSHACK

ROM THE moment he set foot on Irish soil to start shooting The Quiet Man, veteran film director John Ford was cautioned by the Irish press that

"the priests run Ireland." The chance of trouble from priests didn't bother him, but the reporters did. He moved cast and crew to the country.

There, in rustic isolation, he shot one of the movie's funniest scenes. In it, a parish priest, poaching in a rich man's stream, hooks a lovely fish and tumbles headlong

into the water in his excitement. As Ward Bond, playing the priest, emerged with sodden cassock, a shout of unexpected laughter echoed from the surrounding hills. Ford saw about 75 young men from a near-by seminary holding their sides and pointing at the dripping actor.

Only the day before, the young men said, a real priest, fishing the same stream, had fallen in. They were delighted with the coincidence.

Ford, recalling the reporters' warnings, somewhat apprehensively asked an old priest, if he thought the scene objectionable. "Not a'tall!"

he answered. "Show me now, will you, where the Bible says fishin' is a sin?"

After his experiences in making *The Quiet Man*, Ford remarked wryly, "It's the *press* that really runs Ireland." The press had not, however, managed to run him. But then, nobody else ever has done that either. He is prob-

ably Hollywood's most sturdy rebel, its most successful individualist. Producers vie for his services and then wring their hands as Ford coolly ignores their pleas that he keep an eye on the budget, the box office, and their blood pressure. Writers rejoice when he accepts their scripts, and then mutter darkly to themselves as he edits dialogue to mere gestures because he doesn't like a lot of talk.



He refuses to attend premieres of his pictures, has his Oscars mailed to him (he has won four of them), and prefers the company of cowboys and technicians to that of big-name movie folk. Artistic temperament? If so, it has taken a curious shape, for Ford scoffs at the use of the word art in discussions of his work. He chooses to regard himself as an able and wellpaid workman. The Quiet Man was a "job," a "piece of work." To the connoisseur, a list of Ford's other "jobs" reads rather like a history of the art of the film: The Informer, Stagecoach, The Grapes of Wrath, The Long Voyage Home, How Green Was My Valley, Young Mr. Lincoln, The Fugitive, The Long Gray Line.

Ford, now 58, is a striking figure. A casting director would unhesitatingly give him the rôle of the hard-bitten, swashbuckling genius—sculptor, novelist, or, for that matter, film director. He is more than six feet tall, and is ruggedly built. He speaks gruffly and, according to not a few witnesses, thinks gruffly. He offers only indirect defense when people charge that he is a hard man to work for: "Ask any of the stars in my pictures if they'd like to have me direct them again."

You obviously won't have to ask John Wayne, Henry Fonda, or Ward Bond. They have all worked for Ford at least three times, and owe their stardom largely to him.

All the same, it's plain that anyone who works for him had better remember that the boss's views on opposition or familiarity from underlings are roughly those of an ancient Celtic chieftain. During the shooting of a western not long ago, the motel in which the cast was living caught fire. Ford, rushing pajama-clad into the night, nearly collided with an assistant who was shouting frantically, "Ford's in there!" and preparing to dash into the flames. Ford tapped his wouldbe rescuer on the chest. "Mr. Ford, if you please!" he boomed.

His habit of doing things his own way got an early start. In 1916 he was a \$12-a-week prop man. One day, while a two-reel western starring the late Harry Carey was being shot, the director walked out. Carey suggested that John take over. Inexperienced, and more concerned with telling the story than saving money, he used an extravagant five reels. Carl Laemmle, the producer, was furious. But when he saw the picture, he instantly offered Ford a contract. The first western with humor, the picture had been shot against the natural backdrops of the San Fernando valley, and it made a star of Carey.

John married Mary McBryde Smith in 1920. They have two children, Patrick and Barbara, who grew up in an old-fashioned house in the heart of Hollywood. The simple domestic traditions, including the discipline, reflected Ford's own New England childhood. When Patrick, who now works with his father, came back from the war weary of discipline, he tried answering a few of Ford's questions with "Yes" instead of "Yes, sir." It didn't work.

It wasn't till the mid-30's that Ford became one of the few directors whose names are as familiar to moviegoers as those of the actors. Ever since *The Informer*, it's been common to hear a film called simply "the new John Ford picture." You won't have to look far to find someone who will maintain that *The Informer* was the most gripping picture ever made.

Ford had more than one reason for wanting to do the story. He himself was born in Ireland—his real name, by the way, is Sean O'Feeney. His father fled to America during the struggle for Irish independence, and John grew up in Portland, Maine. But the family remained emotionally in the fight.

Liam O'Flaherty, who wrote the novel of the Black and Tan rebellion on which *The Informer* was based, is Ford's cousin. John tried to sell one producer after another on the story, but couldn't whip up any enthusiasm. Even the man who finally produced it, Merian C. Cooper, did it only because he wanted Ford's services. He proposed a Yankee horse swap: "I'll produce it, if you'll also shoot a story of *my* choice." (To make the story perfect, Cooper's choice, *The* 

Lost Patrol, should have been a flop; but it, too, was a hit.)

Given the go-ahead signal, Ford made an inspired gamble. He cast Victor McLaglen in the lead as the fumbling, whining Gypo, though McLaglen had never shown much depth or subtlety as an actor. His classic performance has sometimes been called an accident, but a good deal of thought and sweat went into it.

Ford knew that it was a torment for McLaglen to remember lines. To get the Gypo he wanted, he would give the beefy actor a page of lines to memorize the night before each day's shooting. Just before he sent him before the cameras, Ford would change a word or two, just enough to destroy what little confidence McLaglen had mustered. One memorable scene, when Gypo turned to his accusers and pleaded, "I don't know what to say," was actually a shot of McLaglen asking Ford for his next speech.

Like *The Informer*, Ford's later films have shown that he is both a realist and a sensitive impressionist. Details that have lingered in the memories of fans are likely to be the very things from which he got his original inspiration: a snatch of music, a stormy sunset, an old newspaper fluttering down a deserted street, a barking dog, a towel flapping on a line in a backyard.

You can bring back all the pathos

of the land-hungry Okies of *The Grapes of Wrath* by humming a bar or two of its theme music, *The Red River Valley*. The poignant, homesick melody that proved so haunting to audiences had previously affected both cast and crew. "Ford had an accordionist playing *The Red River Valley* every minute that picture was being shot," a bit player recalls. "It got so you'd feel so darned destitute and kickedaround that you'd think twice before going into a decent restaurant."

Ford's reputation as a man-eater on the sets probably results from a passion for detail. "Dad will roar with indignation," Pat says, "if an actor who is supposed to be a cowboy who has just ridden 100 miles appears on the set in clean jeans, unscuffed boots, and rakishly folded hat. He'll muss him up, tear his clothes and rub mud on his face and hat, and when he's through that man doesn't need to say a word. The audience knows he's ridden hard."

Along with his four Oscars, Ford has picked up four New York Critics' awards, and two special awards from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for making navy films. He has also been decorated by the Italian government for his war work. During the 2nd World War, he headed a unit of OSS field photo men. At the Battle of Midway he got hairraising shots of exploding bombs

until one of them hit his camera roost. "Dad wasn't trying to be a hero," says Pat. "He gets so deep in a scene he doesn't notice anything else. At that moment, his whole concern was the camera." He is still bothered by shrapnel in one shoulder.

Ford accepted the assignment to direct They Were Expendable only with the stipulation that his \$225,-000 fee be spent on a rest home in the San Fernando valley. wanted to provide for other members of his unit who had been wounded at Midway. Since some of them were paraplegics, the Farm, as it is called, was equipped with ramp thresholds, special tubs and pools, and exercising devices. It became a retreat for buddies who were having a tough time adjusting to peace or surviving in competitive Hollywood. It was from the Farm that funeral services for Ford's old friend Harry Carev were held.

Ford's charity is usually unobtrusive, practical, personal, cloaked with brusqueness. "He is a hard man to know," says John Wayne, "except when you are in trouble." He seems to respond readily to evidence of courage: he clearly favors the brave. Wayne himself won his attention by his bravery as a stunt man in an early picture.

Although he is an ardent Catholic (he refers to Rome as "the capital of the world"), Ford is no more inclined to call attention to his

religious activity than to his charitable work. Has his religion been reflected in his work? Over the last 25 years, he has handled a great many themes, but recall his major films. You'll notice that they have something in common beside technical excellence. They reveal a deep interest in the complexities of

human nature, in what are ordinarily called psychological problems.

John Ford would call them spiritual problems. For he knows what the great dramatists have always known: that the most exciting drama in the world is the one played hourly in the soul of man.



### Lions

A DOUR Scot leading a party of oil prospectors in Africa believed in economy of words. His home office one day received a cable which read, "Send six men to replace those eaten by lions."

The home office quickly replied, "Men on way. Send full details of accident." Back came the Scot's reply, "No accident. Lions did it on purpose."

Tit-Bits

### And Tigers

A MAN-EATING tiger escaped from the circus in a country town, throwing the whole area into terror. A search was quickly organized, but before starting, the policeman in charge of the party took his men into a tavern.

"Have a drink, men, before we start," he said. "It will give you courage."
All but one man accepted. "Come on, Bill, better have one," urged the officer.

"Not me," answered the frightened man. "It might give me too much courage."

Femina.

### And Bears

Louis, the guide, was famed throughout Nova Scotia for his proficiency with the moose call. Legend has it that he could attract any animal with it, even ducks. Tourists flocked to him, hoping he would teach them his trade secrets.

One persistent hunter had pestered Louis for hours, and Louis was getting tired. "You have told me how to call a moose," said the hunter. "Now tell me how to call a bear."

"It's simple," said Louis, at the end of his patience. "You just make a noise like a blueberry."

\*\*Atlantic Bulletin.\*\*

Your "ugly duckling" need not be a family problem

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## Treat Your Children All Alike

By MARY JACOBS
Condensed from Everywoman's\*

A T FIRST GLANCE, you might think that nature had played a mean trick on

12-year-old Betty Lindsay. Her IQ is 95; her ten-year-old sister Marjie's, 140. Yet Betty is well adjusted and happy; and she actually loves to show off her younger sister's brilliance. Marjie, in turn, looks up to Betty, who teaches her the latest dancing steps and bakes her favorite cookies.

All of this is no happy accident. It is the result of years of tact and planning by their parents, Helen and Bob Lindsay. Even parents with children fairly evenly matched in brains, personality, and looks do not always find it easy to bring them up so that none feels slighted. But when one of your youngsters definitely overshadows another, you have a problem.

"Naturally, we thought everything our first-born, Betty, did was wonderful," Helen Lindsay says. "But when Marjie began to walk and talk we couldn't help noticing how much quicker she was." When she was only one, she spoke in short sentences. Betty, at three, still garbled words. As they grew older, they squabbled, as all sisters do. When Marjie called Betty "dumbbell," no one thought much about it.

But one night when Betty was seven, her mother heard muffled sobs from her room. The child's eyes were swollen; her pillow tear-soaked. "I wish I was dead," she exploded. "I hate everybody. I hate you, I hate daddy, I hate that show-off Marjie." Her mother stood dumbfounded. "Darling, what's wrong?"

"You only love Marjie. I was the one who set the table for dinner. But all you kept saying to daddy was, 'You should have heard Marjie recite for the company this afternoon."

Then Helen Lindsay realized how deeply the agony of neglect had gnawed into Betty's soul. Conscience-stricken, she hugged the trembling child, insisting that mother and daddy loved her just

\*16 E. 40th St., New York City 16. March, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Everywoman's Magazine, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

as much as they did Marjie. But Betty sat stiff and tight-lipped, as if to say, "I don't believe you."

The Lindsays sat up far into the night discussing how they could build up Betty's shattered ego so that she'd feel worthy and wanted, a person in her own right.

"Often I notice her jigging to music on the radio," Bob Lindsay finally said. "Let's try dancing lessons."

Betty's usually somber face lit up at the suggestion. From the very first lesson she seemed happier and more self-assured. She beamed when the teacher told Mrs. Lindsay, "Betty's my star pupil. She has a wonderful sense of rhythm." After each lesson now, she demonstrates the new steps to her less graceful sister.

Mrs. Lindsay also encouraged Betty to help in the kitchen. Whenever company comes, the child swells with pride at their "Mmmm! How delicious!" as they munch her fancy cookies.

The Lindsays have enrolled the children at different schools. "If Marjie skipped, they might end up in the same grade," Mrs. Lindsay explains. At home, no comparisons are made in the children's presence.

Without taking away Marjie's share of the spotlight, Betty has been awarded her place in the sun. "It's all-important to do just that, particularly if one of your children seems backward," says Dr. Vera Dreiser, Manhattan consulting psy-

chologist, who is herself the mother of a ten-year-old girl. "A mother sees her children under all conditions, so she should know them as they really are. If you would make your children feel equally important, accept each as he is and love him for his individuality."

Particularly must he feel your approval when he's young, for then mother and dad are the center of his universe. Appreciate him, and he respects himself. If he can't find favor in your eyes, how can he hope to please strangers? He first grows discouraged and then stops trying.

Yet, many parents, without realizing it, show partiality. Parents who complain, "My Ray was born with his grandfather's nasty disposition," are just building up trouble for themselves. The fact is that at birth a baby's disposition is unformed. And whether he'll turn into a mean cuss or a ray of sunshine depends a lot on his environment, and that includes mama and papa.

"That's true," you're probably thinking. "And you should encourage a child who is unusual in any way. But what if one of your youngsters is only run-of-the-mill?"

Small skills of ordinary children are just as important. So keep looking until you find a talent, even if you need aptitude tests to help you. And remember, Johnny's craze for ping-pong or Susie's hobby of collecting sea shells may seem trivi-

al to you. But to Johnny and Susie they're just as valuable as Shirley's musical genius or Freddie's artistic bent. What's more, they give Johnny and Susie an interest and a status in life.

Take a look at Henry Holden, for example. His sister Hilda was president of 'her high-school class and in all its activities. By nature quiet and unassuming, Henry evidently couldn't stand the competition. He buried himself in comics and watched television by the hour.

His mother suggested that her husband fit up a small workshop in the basement. "The boy is naturally good with his hands. I think he'll feel better if we encourage this bent." There followed many enjoyable evenings, with father and son working together. When Mr. Holden noticed Henry reading books on aircraft, he suggested that they assemble a model plane.

Occasionally, Hilda joined them. She saw how skillful her brother was, and her attitude began to change. He wasn't a drip any more—not to her, nor is he to the kids in the park who beg for the privilege of flying his *Soaring Bird*. Henry is well on the way to becoming the well-adjusted, self-assured, social-minded lad he should be.

Remember, a backward child needs a double dose of the praise and encouragement we all crave. But he must feel that he deserves them. We all want to give our children the best break possible. We want them to grow up happy, confident, and secure. Here are some suggestions to help achieve our goal.

1. Never label your children. "Hilda, the grouch," or "Tim, the roughneck," may live up to such tags through life.

2. Encourage them to take part in many outside activities. Scouting, dancing, hobbies and clubs are just as vital to well-rounded development as good marks in school.

3. Soft-pedal your little one's failures and encourage him to try new interests. Even if his hobby of dissecting bugs turns your stomach, pretend interest.

4. Never make comparisons between your children. Saying "You're so sloppy and your sister's so neat" creates not only animosity but a false sense of superiority in one and a gnawing sense of inferiority in the other.

5. Caution your friends not to applaud one child and neglect to praise another.

 At first, give a child simple tasks at which he can readily succeed; gradually make them harder.

To endure, self-confidence must rest on solid ground. So don't build him up too much. He'll sense your insincerity, and, besides, he must eventually compete with outsiders. Then if he doesn't measure up, his ego will shrivel, and you will have defeated the very purpose of your praise.

## Lucy Rehearses Her Funeral

By SISTER M. MADELEVA, C.S.C.



often called her by her Christian name, by way of endearment. She always dared to be her name: a light.

Lucy died of being 94 years old. The last two weeks of her life she spent in St. Mary's hospital, Duluth, Minn., of no other illness than this.

She was sitting up in bed when I arrived in her room from an overnight train trip. A white bed jacket cuddled around her shoulders. Her cheeks were pink with excitement, her snowy hair caught back in soft waves by a narrow ribbon tied in a bow at the top of her head. Her eager, smiling eyes gave her the look of a little girl. A pink carnation tucked in her hair ribbon added a dear touch of coquetry.

I had been summoned the day before to what the doctors thought might be the flickering out of the bright, keen candle of my mother's life. We greeted each other with broken bits of happy laughter, question, answer.

"Mother was good to let you come," she said, referring to my Religious superior.

"We all know that you are the only mother who matters now," I assured her. "All the Sisters send you their love and prayers. You know that you and father are everybody's sweethearts at the convent."

"Your father and the boys will be here later. We spend as much time as we can together," she said, adding, "Do you think that God is going to take me?"

"That is his secret, mother," I answered. "No one would blame Him. You look and are so dear and good. It will be a tremendous experience for our little Lucy and one we want to share as intimately as we can with you."

Then, most abruptly, she asked, "What shall I say when I see God?"

One can hardly be prepared for so big a question. Trying to collect both my scattered wits and wisdom, I answered, "Mother, say 'Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.'"

"Yes, and I'll say, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner.' For what do I need so much as his mercy, and

if I have that, what else do I need?" I agreed that her theology more than covered her needs and God's

judgment.

We visited quietly during the day. Afternoon brought my father and two brothers. We planned that I should remain with mother until 11, when the night nurse came on. As I left her, shortly before midnight, our little sick-abed lady asked, "Do you think God will come for me tonight?"

"No, mother, I don't," I assured

her.

"Why not?" she persisted, with a shade of disappointment in her voice.

"You seem very well and strong to me," I answered.

"Yes," she said, quite as a matter of fact, "a person who can drink a bowl of soup and a cup of tea for supper isn't so badly off, is she? But if I need you, you will come, won't you?"

I promised her, as I kissed her good-night and made a small Sign of the Cross on her forehead, that I should be there at a moment's

call.

By 8:30 next morning I was back at her bedside, to find her neat and sweet and very much alive. "You see, God doesn't want me yet," she laughed. Then she continued, "What are you going to do with me after I die?"

"We will bury you, mother," I said. "How would you like to be buried?" I guessed that our little

dictator wanted to arrange all the details for her own burial.

"Put my black and white dress on me, unless there is another that you like better," she conceded, "and put new stockings on me. Don't let the undertakers doll me up. You know that I always liked simple things. Mrs. Jacobson never had her hair curled until she was dead. Don't let them doll me up!"

I assured her that we would protect her from mortuary beauticians.

"Have you thought of your pallbearers," I asked, knowing that she wanted this cue.

"Oh, yes! There are the nephews -four of them, the two Jameses, Frederic, John. Then ask Stephen Algeo and Bill Cavanaugh, if he is out of service. Sometimes"-she paused as the pageant unfolded before her-"sometimes there are honorary pallbearers. I would like Mollie and Marie, Kate and Mrs. Mirwald. I can see it all now! And be sure to put new stockings on me." She smiled contentedly as she watched in admiration the cortege of her own funeral move down the hushed, main street of Cumberland, the small Wisconsin town where eventually she would be buried.

Presently I began rearranging books and flowers on the dresser. From her bed, mother undertook to correct my housekeeping.

"Mother," I laughed, "you will always be a better housekeeper than I am. I may perhaps write better books but not keep a better home."

"Yes," she caught me up, "and if I had had your chance I could do much better than you do!" This valiant little woman never gave any of us an inch on which to stand.

That afternoon, father and my two brothers came. During our visit, in a spell of physical weakness, mother asked, "Do you think that I am dying?"

"No," we said, "but would you like to have us say some prayers?"

"Yes," she answered, and responded to all of them as well as any of us. Then she turned to my father. "Did you hear what Sister said?"

"Yes, Lucy, I did."

"Will you keep these things always in mind?"

"I surely will."

"And will you always be firm in your faith?"

"I certainly will."

"I used to hope," she continued to my father, then a convert of only four years, "that you might die first. I thought that perhaps I could help you. But as long as God has decided differently, this way is best."

The next afternoon, the five of us were together again, and alone. Said mother, "Do you think that I have failed in my duties to you as a wife and a mother?"

Abashed, we answered, "Surely not; we have often failed you, but you have never failed us."

"I have been severe with you at

times," she said, "but it was because I loved you so much that I did not want you to do anything that might separate you from God. I think that I have always loved God, even before I knew how to love Him." Before this theology, this intuitive knowledge, this supernatural charity, we had nothing to say. We had been taken beyond the areas or the needs of speech.

Days were passing. Our dear patient seemed in no immediate danger. The years had taught us something of her amazing recuperative powers. So I said cautiously, "Mother, don't you think it time that I get back to my work?"

"You have permission to be

here," she protested.

"Yes, and I will stay if you think that I should. The boys have their work that they must attend to, and I have mine," I answered even more cautiously. She looked knowingly at the nurse.

"It is too bad that we didn't raise our children to be maids," she laughed, and then quoted:

"Duty points with outstretched fingers;

Straight the path, austere and high. Woe betide the soul that lingers. Onward, upward is the cry!"

"You see, I have a lecture engagement in St. Louis," I went on. "If I am to keep it, I shall have to leave tomorrow. But if you wish, I can wire and cancel my appointment."

Came the quick challenge, "How much do you receive for these lectures?"

I named a very generous honorarium.

"Will that help you to save your soul?"—a second challenge.

"Yes, mother," I said, stung to defense, "I think it will. I never speak without trying to do some good."

"Yes," she answered, "I believe you."

The next evening we said our

last good-by. Still sitting up in bed as I had found her a week before, pink-cheeked, eyes shining with unshed tears, smiling, she sent me on my way. "'Duty points,'" she quoted, "'Onward, upward is the cry.'"

Four days later, a long-distance telephone message came. The brave bright candle of the life that was Lucy had burned out. Mother had answered her own momentous question, "What shall I say when I see God?"

#### Child Guidance

A HARASSED WOMAN went into a grocery and ordered a pound of coffee beans and two pounds of dried peas. "And mix them together," she instructed the clerk. The astonished clerk obliged when the woman explained, "Tomorrow my five children are having a holiday from school. It looks like rain. If it does rain, I'm going to ask them to separate the peas from the coffee."

This Week.

"Why on Earth," a man demanded of his friend, "did you name your boy Reginald Clarence?"

"Because," explained the new father, "I want him to grow up knowing how to use his fists, and in our neighborhood any boy named Reginald Clarence has got to fight."

Oral Hygiene.

When the dentist ordered additional brushing of teeth, Timmy balked. His mother lectured him on cleanliness, but to no avail. Finally, one evening after dinner, she put away his table silver without washing it.

At breakfast the next day, Timmy yelled when he saw the sticky silver at his plate. "You might think of your teeth the same way," his mother explained. They are tools for eating, too." Ever since, Timmy has had the best-brushed teeth in the family.

Mrs. W. A. McDonnell in the Rotarian (Jan. '52).



bound for the Indians reputed to be the fiercest in all Brazil. Would we return safely? Or would we leave our bodies, pierced with poisoned arrows, in the jungle?

I am a missionary. I have worked in the valley of the Rio Branco and near-by territory for more than 15 years. Mission headquarters are at Boa Vista, the northernmost vil-

lage of interior Brazil.

At Boa Vista we had heard frequent talk about the savage Indians who live along the River Apiaú, a tributary of the Branco, which, in turn, feeds the mighty Amazon. The stories had made us cautious, but even so we had long been wondering when the bishop would give us a chance to visit those savage tribes. The opportunity came at last: the government of the territory gave us the use of a power boat.

I was given the task of organizing the expedition. Assigned to accompany me were Brother John Leonardi, two scouts who knew A rugged river trip is the first step toward making a Green Hell into a Paradise

the river well, an engineer with an assistant, and a hunter. Our small ship left Boa Vista at '4 P.M. on April 21, and we traveled all night. Naturally enough, our central topic was the reputed fierceness of the Indians.

We entered the River Apiaú the morning of April 24. It was about 200 feet wide. Soon we came to the first of the endless *cachoeira*, or rapids, that we would have to overcome. The water rushed wildly through gigantic boulders. We snagged our propellers, and were almost swamped before we straightened out. We got to a small island then, and went ashore.

I wandered heedlessly ahead, but I had hardly gone more than a dozen steps when I came upon a sleeping snake, the sort that people meet only in nightmares. This anaconda was about 20 feet long, 20

\*5406 Colorado Ave., N.W., Washington 11, D. C. February-March-April, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Consolata Society for Foreign Missions, and reprinted with permission.

inches around, and would weigh about 400 lbs. Since it could crush a man as I could crush a ripe banana, we had no choice but to shoot it. We watched the poor thing coil and twist in the spasms of death.

Meanwhile, we worked on our propellers. It was evening when we finally had the boat back in shape. At three the next morning, rain was pounding so fiercely that we left our tree-strung hammocks and took refuge in the boat.

We resumed our voyage at dawn. It seemed as though there was a new series of rapids at every turn of the river. Each meant a long portage. At the end of the day, we had covered only a few miles.

During the afternoon we spotted an alligator on a rock. We decided not to shoot it, because it would have fallen into the river where its blood would have attracted hordes of piranhas, voracious fish with razor-sharp teeth, and we had no desire to meet these creatures while pushing our canoes in the river. That night we stopped at an abandoned hut.

The following day, the rain had stopped, and I celebrated Mass with a huge stone for an altar. Then, once more, we overcame our usual quota of *cachoeira*. But there was one long, peaceful stretch of river where we could appreciate the landscape. The banks were covered with luxuriant growth.

The river made its way now into a forest rich with game. We shot three mutums, heavy-fleshed birds bigger than turkeys. That afternoon we met the stubborn grandfather of all the *cachoeira*, but conquered it.

Utterly exhausted, we pitched camp on an island of rocks. We had a wretched supper but were too tired to care. We stretched out on the rocks and fell asleep. We had been sleeping for about an hour when a pulverizing rain began. We tried to turn a canoe upsidedown for shelter, but the wind was too powerful. We were thoroughly drenched, and the cold cut like a knife. I could hear the rugged men with me groaning like children. The river rose, obliging us to move to higher ground.

But the next day we sailed along like people on a summer cruise. The river flowed peacefully. The sun warmed our bodies and brightened our hopes. We had almost forgotten the one fearful thing that had troubled our minds at the beginning: the threat of poisoned arrows. Finally, we reached an old hut where we hoped to meet two traders who had come here a few months before in search of timber.

If they had made friends with the Indians, it would help our cause as missionaries. We found nothing but some charred sticks. We would have to make our own way. I packed essentials, and set off into the forest with two of our bravest men, leaving the others at the hut.

We soon discovered footprints. They were those of the men who had gone before us into the forest! The path was hilly and thorny. We had to climb crags and wade through sucking mud. I tried walking barefoot, but in no time my feet were aching and bleeding. The forest itself was magnificent, but we had little chance to admire it. Moreover, we feared that any moment we would hear the swish of poisoned arrows.

Suddenly, we did hear something: human whispering. We stopped. Then we recognized the language, Portuguese. We rushed forward into the arms of the men we had been seeking.

On the morning of April 28, we encountered our first Indians. They filtered into our camp, a dozen of them, warily watching, with several of their women among them. But they carried no weapons. We learned later that they had left their weapons just a few steps behind in the forest. They looked at us with great suspicion. Then they recognized the two other white men, who told them that we were friends. The faces of the Indians broke into smiles. They came forward, embraced us, and invited us to their village.

Still, all the stories I had heard of those Indians lingered in my mind. As we went through the forest in single file, I was obliged

to march like a prisoner among them. Once, owing to my incomplete mastery of the native language, I thought I was in trouble. They kept poking me with curious interest, as though they had never seen any bird, beast, or fish that looked quite as delicious to them as I did; and I thought that I heard one of them say cachirignana, which in the language of many of their sister tribes means "a feast." Ah, this is lovely, I thought; their interest in me is limited to how tasty I will prove when boiled in a king-size pot!

We got quite a reception at the village. The total population was there, jumping and yelling—so loud that I thought they were cursing us. They advanced eagerly, almost running.

They have a peculiar way of showing friendship. To show how benignly he regards you, the Indian starts off by punching you in the chest. He follows this with an embrace so vigorous that you wonder if you've suffered a few broken ribs.

I can't report that my admirers were handsome. The faces pressed so close to me were distorted and gaping while they sang their song of welcome, *Aoa-aoa-aoa*. Their mouths were deformed with great quantities of tobacco leaves stuck between lower lip and gum.

The village, or *maloca*, is in the middle of the forest, and the huts are primitive. They are arranged

in a circle around a dirty space entirely littered with rubbish. The Indians live a communal life, and they appear to be monogamous. We left the village about sunset, and returned to the camp of our two white friends. And how about those "ferocious" Indians, who were going to murder us with poisoned arrows? Four of them returned with us. The poor friendly souls wished never to leave us. It was wonderful to see them hunt, to watch them climb trees with the agility of monkeys, to see one of them, with great courtesy, pick up fruit with his feet and offer it to me. We could not visit all the villages we wanted to; the abominable weather made a prolonged stay in the jungle impossible. For this reason we began our journey back on May 1. The four Indians who had attached themselves to us insisted on coming along.

We hesitated over taking them back to Boa Vista. Might they not become homesick? On the other hand, we felt that it would be a great thing to bring back those feared "man-killing" Indians. We took them along. Everything they encountered was to them a source of shock, fear, wonder, or joy: the noise of the ship's engine, for instance, an electric light, or the firing of a gun.

On the way home, we stopped at a farm on the bank of the Mucajai. There, they clung to us in sudden fear. For the first time, they saw domestic animals: oxen, horses, dogs, sheep, fowl! Since they were brave men, they soon rallied from their fears; we had to stop them from using their bows and arrows. Perhaps their most awesome experience was seeing a farm boy galloping past them on a horse with a power and speed they had never before beheld. They were petrified.

"Do not be afraid," I said.

Little by little, they gained confidence, then approached the boy and his horse. They touched the great beast tentatively with their hands. They stroked his mane. They looked at his teeth. Finally, the boldest of our Indian friends, a young man whom we called Valente for the greatness of his courage, mounted the horse and rode him.

That evening, we reached Boa Vista harbor, last of the numbing wonders for our friends from the forest. They gaped at the city lights, at the teeming ships, and at the rhythm and magnified roar of popular music from loudspeakers.

The Indians are still with us, the darlings of a population that turned out to greet them and give them all kinds of presents from clothing to agricultural tools. Above all, they have learned that white men can be their friends; the governor himself has taken them for a car ride. The newspapers regarded their arrival as a great event.

I still do not know whether these innocent people have any idea of the supernatural, but I have distributed to them the medal of Our Lady of Consolata. God willing,

she will guide us to the proper Christianization of their villages, and hasten the day when they shall know of her Son, who died on a cross for them as much as for us.

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#### Irony Behind the Curtain

THE BIBLE is the best-selling book all over the world, except in Russia. The best seller there, according to recent reports, is Who Is Still Who.

A RUMANIAN peasant woman, looking at a statue of Stalin, asked a passerby, "Who is that man?"

"The man who saved us from the nazis," was the cautious reply.

"Why doesn't he come save us from the communists?" Muenchner Illustrierte.

At a cocktail party recently, a Russian embassy official asked a Wall Street Journal editor, "Why don't you trust us?"

The editor answered with a story, the plot of the ancient melodrama, Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model. In the first act, the villain tries to push Nellie off a pier. In the second, he ties her to a railroad track; in the third, he ties her in the path of a buzz saw. In the fourth act, the villain asks, "Nellie, why don't you trust me?"

Wall Street Journal.

THE COMMUNIST East German judge was speaking. "Defendant, when you tried to go to West Berlin to get some capitalistic groceries, and the guard asked you the purpose of your mission, you are said to have growled at him. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir, but not with my mouth. That was my stomach." Die Weltwoche.

A COMMUNIST TEACHER in Pedebrady, Czechoslovakia, was trying to explain the evils of capitalism to her students. She asked one little girl what she would call somebody who owned an automobile.

"An automobilist," the child answered.

"And what," asked the teacher, "would you call someone who owned a home?"

The same pupil answered, "A homeowner."

The stubborn teacher did not intend to give up without getting the proper communist answer. So she asked the class, "Well, what would you call someone who owns both a house and a car?"

The response was in chorus: "The regional party secretary, Comrade Varecka."

Roger Allen in the Grand Rapids Press (2 April '55).

## Life Without Germs at Notre Dame

The university's Lobund institute applies a new technique in studying tooth decay and cancer

By O. A. BATTISTA

Condensed from Mary\*

T HE WORLD we live in is filled with microbes, except for one spot. That spot is Lobund institute of the University of Notre Dame, where animal life without germs has been a practical reality for years.

The impact of the research going on at Lobund institute (Lobund is formed from Laboratories of Bacteriology, University of Notre Dame) already is being felt and acclaimed all over the world. Some of the studies completed by Lobund's scientists, or still in progress, include tooth decay, radiation sickness, protein metabolism, and the role of intestinal bacteria in nutrition. Lobund scientists proved for the first time that micro-organisms or bacteria in the mouth are necessary for tooth decay.

Tooth decay, the most widespread ailment of man, had long been attributed to a variety of causes, including nutritional and hereditary factors. But many scientists believed that tooth decay was due to the action of germs in the mouth which produce acids. These acids, in turn, would disintegrate the tooth enamel.

The exact relationship between mouth bacteria and tooth decay had never been determined previously because dental-research scientists did not have a proper animal with which to experiment. In the mouth of the human being or the ordinary

experimental animal there are dozens of kinds of germs which change from meal to meal, diet to diet, and from day to day. Billions of such germs normally live in the mouth.

Now, scientists have been using germ-free rats available only at Notre Dame as a result of two



\*6415 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago 37, Ill. March-April, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Carmelite Fathers, Province of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, and reprinted with permission.

decades of pioneering research. They have demonstrated conclusively that even a rich carbohydrate diet will not produce tooth decay unless germs are also present in the mouth. They developed a diet, sterilized it by steam under pressure, and fed it to ordinary germ-laden rats. The rats developed more than 99% tooth decay within 150 days. When the identical sterilized diet was fed to germ-free rats, not even a microscopic trace of tooth decay was found.

These results, the scientists feel, indicate strongly that a germ or combination of germs in the mouth are necessary to produce tooth decay. Now they are pursuing the little biological gremlins responsible for tooth erosion, trying to identify them. As soon as the specific "bugs" that cause tooth decay are tagged, the mastery of toothaches will be within our reach.

Research with germ-free animals, which is unique at Notre Dame, was first envisioned by Pasteur, the noted Catholic scientist. Pasteur suggested in 1885 that chickens might be the logical choice for such experiments, because they come from eggs which can be kept germ-free until they hatch.

Forty-five years later, a biology student at the University of Notre Dame began the series of experiments which Pasteur wanted to do. James Arthur Reyniers, who graduated from Notre Dame and became a professor, proved that Pasteur was right in saying that the experiment would be "most interesting" but wrong in his notion that life without germs would be impossible.

The techniques devised at Lobund institute are without parallel anywhere in the world. The animal house is so arranged that all bedding, feed, and air brought in are sterilized. The five-by-three-foot germ-free cages pass through sterilizing filters of fiber glass. Exhaust air bubbles out through a one-way valve in an antiseptic solution.

The germ-free cage is a steel cylinder with built-in, arm-length rubber gloves into which the scientists and technicians thrust their hands and arms to feed and care for animals inside. At the top is a quartz window.

Food is passed into the cage through an air lock at one end. It is steam-pressure sterilized in the air lock, which is opened from the inside by the rubber-gloved hand.

Lobund institute's latest device for raising germless animals makes it possible for a human being to live among them in a giant tank, but he is a "diver" who is clad in plastic suit and mask, showers in germ-killing liquids, and plunges through an antiseptic pool to enter the aseptic world for servicing and measuring animals in several dozen special cages. Air is supplied to the attendant through a hose.

Let us follow what takes place in bringing a germ-free rat into Lobund institute's germ-free world. Near the end of pregnancy, a normal rat is soaked in a powerful germicidal solution. Then hair is removed with electric clippers, after which the animal is transferred to a sterile tank which fits under the operating cage.

Germ-free life begins with a delicate Caesarean delivery, the baby being born in a sterile tank while its mother lies outside. Since they cannot associate with their germladen parents, babies are fed by hand. A technician, working through a pair of antiseptic gloves sealed into the tank, feeds the young.

The fact that the germ-free young are slightly premature increases the scientists' difficulties. In the case of rats, the young must be hand-fed through tiny glass tubes every two hours. The only way of achieving this is by continuous day and night-shift work.

One of the accomplishments of the institute is the development of a rat's milk substitute that can stand sterilization heat.

Normal animals are exposed to germs the instant they are born. As they take on billions of representatives of scores of germ species, they develop antibodies as defense mechanisms against harmful invaders.

Blood tests have shown that germfree animals produce no protective antibodies against disease-producing organisms. There seems to be no passage of antibacterial antibodies from mother to offspring. Germfree animals have the power to produce antibodies if exposed to infection, but they have a tougher time surviving attacks by the more powerful germs. Such animals are very delicate, continuously hungry, cannot eat a normal meal, have a bloated intestinal tract, and a very inferior reproductive system.

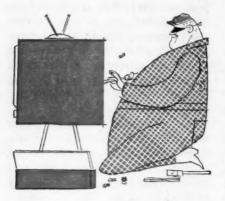
It is not possible to obtain any bacteria from the excrement of germless animals. In normally reared animals, waste products of food metabolism are composed largely of dead bacteria.

When the germ-free animals die they do not decompose in the usual way, but remain in a state of good preservation for up to a week; then self-digestion by the enzymes of the animals' own organs occurs, and the corpses eventually become mummified.

The life spans of germ-free animals fed adequate diets and living in the protected atmosphere of airtight, germless cages are being compared with those of animals of the same litters reared in the open, where microbes, friendly or otherwise, can get at them. The results will add to knowledge about geriatrics, the science that deals with aging and the degenerative diseases of old age, which science, research men say, "is in its infancy."

Lobund studies are being focused also on such major problems as cancer, heart disease, and virus infections.

#### Better Business associations need your help in stopping the gyp artists



## Those TV Service Swindles

By ART MARGOLIS

delphia courtroom, on Nov. 5, 1954, told a 35-year-old television repairman that he was accused of charging his customers for TV repairs that he had not made. Judge Kun then asked, "How do you plead?"

All this began in 1952. The Better Business bureau had received a flood of complaints. A BBB agent, George Connor, called for the aid of the Television Contractors association of Philadelphia. One of its leaders, Al Haas, took a fine operating TV set and painted all its parts with an invisible

substance that shows up only under an infrared light. A good tube was replaced with a defective one.

The suspect was called for service. A technician arrived, poked around the back of the receiver, and announced, "I'll have to take the set to the shop." He was allowed to do so, with the stipulation that he bring back any bad parts.

A few days later the set was returned along with some old parts and a repair bill of \$25.90. The parts supposedly replaced were still in the set. One of the returned parts was a transformer for another style TV, and couldn't possibly fit or work in this receiver.

The accused was promptly arrested, and closed his TV repair shop. Now, more than two years later, he was finally brought up for trial, and pleaded guilty. Judge Kun fined him \$200, ordered him to return \$230.90 to bilked customers, and gave him two years on probation.

Justice was done.

But how about the repair company in Los Angeles that charged \$36 to change a 15¢ fuse? Or the TV outfit in Miami that received \$75 for a new picture tube, and only adjusted a magnet on the old tube neck? And the TV operator in Seattle who gave a verbal estimate of \$7, and held the TV set until a ransom of \$52 was paid in advance. These companies still operate undisturbed.

Invoking the law is not always

the answer. No murder is being committed. Payrolls are not disturbed. Only your pocketbook is being picked, in a hazy, seemingly

legitimate way.

With all the crooks on the loose, is there any way you can receive expert, honest TV service? Yes, in 99% of all cases. In the legitimate TV-service business, building good will and a steady clientele is an absolute must. Firms must give prompt, excellent, reasonably priced service. Gyp TV outfits make no attempt to build constant trade. They have one purpose: suck you in, hit you hard, and run.

The gyp artists engage in full scale, mechanized, bait advertising. Some of their ads yell, "No service charge!" "We fix everything in the home!" "Full year guarantee!"

What actually is this thing called service charge? It is the minimum fee that covers the expense of answering your original telephone call, routing a technician, traveling time to your home, diagnosing your set's ailment, and any labor necessary in your house, up to a fair amount of time.

Depending on their individual setup, a TV company must charge between \$3 and \$5 to cover these absolute expenses. Sometimes, because of higher overhead, the minimum might go as high as \$6.50. Occasionally, as with a certain twoman operation in Boston, with low overhead, a repair shop may charge as little as \$2.

A husky Temple Technical institute graduate, in response to a classified ad, applied for a job at a company that advertised no service charge. He opened a blank glass door that looked as if it had never been washed, and entered a dimly lit room strewn with electronic debris and picture-tube cartons. In the middle was a desk. At the desk was a fat, gimlet-eyed individual wearing a green sunshade.

The applicant was beckoned to the desk. He picked his way through the rubble and sat down on a bridge chair. He noticed that everything had a thick layer of dust—except the five telephones.

He was quickly hired, and sent out with a sallow looking technician, to "break in." After the first service call, the recent graduate had a few things on his mind.

He asked his trainer, "What school did you go to?"

The laughing retort was, "Who, me? I never finished 10th grade."

The Temple man felt a gnawing in his stomach. He continued, "How come you changed five tubes on that last call? The only thing I could see wrong was the 5U4."

"Down, sonny boy, down. We have a motto here: five tubes for every set."

"And the prices you charged. A 5U4 is only \$1.75. You sold it for \$5."

"Think nothing of it. Wait till you see me on the next stop. I feel hot today!"

By this time, the recent college student was feeling disgusted. He asked one more question, "How is it the dispatcher had five telephones on his desk?"

The old hand burst into laughter. "Pretty shrewd isn't it. There's one phone for us to call in on—and did you see about 17 different companies advertising in the newspapers?"

"Yes."

"Well, the rest of those telephones are four of those ads. And incidentally, remember to be careful with your tubes. We test them every night for the good ones. We can use them again."

This little story is not fiction. This company is operating in a large eastern city today!

Other outfits practice different types of fraud. A roly-poly electronic expert, who was considered one of the fastest trouble shooters on the Motorola TV assembly line, reports this story.

He was doing some part-time work for a no-service-charge outfit. He'd go there a few hours every evening and do their bench-repair jobs.

He noticed that better than three out of four sets that he fixed would have nothing more wrong with them than perhaps a tube, a fuse, or a needed adjustment. He told the owner, "I think your servicemen are slipping. Three out of four of these sets should have been repaired in the home."

The owner replied casually, "My technicians have their orders. We don't fix anything in the house. We pull all chassis."

The shocked TV expert regained his composure long enough to say, wide-eyed, "But how about the people who won't let the set go? How do you manage it?"

"Enough of them do, and since nothing leaves this store under \$30, we make a nice profit."

A San Francisco housewife uncovered still another angle. She fell for the no-service-charge line, and called. A few minutes later, a convertible 98 Olds pulled up at her curb. A natty looking gentleman, with bow tie and brief case, hopped out.

The set owner opened the door, saw the smoothie smile, and heard: "TV service." The surprised homemaker admitted the best-dressed TV repairman she had ever seen. Wrinkling her forehead, she stood back and watched.

The man took the back off her TV receiver, and poked solemnly around the inside. She heard a few Ahems and Ahas; then the gentleman straightened up and said, mournfully, "Madam, I'm afraid your TV is beyond repair." He changed his glum expression to a warm, white smile, shuffled a few colorful folders, and added, "Have you thought about buying a new one?"

So goes the no-service-charge ruse. The real sharpies have par-

layed it into big money. Their business-procuring methods enable them to do more volume each than ten to 20 reliable companies. A Chicago newspaper reports one "bait" advertiser is spending up to \$500 a week to hook innocents.

A question came up in a Detroit servicemen's conference over the effectiveness of such ads. Two test ads were run. One offered no service charge and the other called for a \$4 minimum. The free-call ad pulled 27 calls while the \$4 one drew only three.

Another lure the sharpies dangle on the end of their line is the announcement, "No shop jobs; we fix all TV sets in the home!" But General Electric conducted a survey of 40,000 reliable service firms. It showed that the companies actually must inflict TV-less days upon us; they honestly must take to their shops three out of every ten repair jobs. If your TV malady is of an intermittent nature, if the repair entails complex wiring, or if the TV technician is really stumped and must use special testing equipment, your TV set cannot be efficiently repaired in your home.

Another ad trap used by the con man is the use of unbelievable complete-cover guarantees. Carefully worded ads give the impression that if so and so TV company repairs your set, that is the end of all your TV service woes. They guarantee your entire set unconditionally for a full year.

Examination of the RCA, Motorola, and Dumont factory-service branches shows them all giving this: a 90-day guarantee covering only parts actually replaced by the service agency. Also included is any labor necessary to find and replace the defective parts. The only exception is the big picture tube: it carries the same guarantee for a year.

The code of ethics of the Radio and Television Servicemen of New Jersey; Radio and Television Service Association of Western New York: Radio and Television Service Association of Greater Atlanta-all showed the same type of guarantee.

How could a TV outfit give away more? One firm was found to use as a key selling point in obtaining your permission to pull the chassis into their shop an unconditional guarantee for 90 days. No matter what happened to your receiver during those 90 days, they would fix it. They did, too, the catch being that your shop bill would be \$35 higher from them than if it went to some other shop.

Better Business bureau files bulge with cases like the following. In Rochester, N. Y., a young couple called for service. Their set had an intermittent loss of sound. A repairman arrived, but unfortunately the set was playing well. He went behind the receiver. Forty-five minutes later he announced that he was finished, presented a bill for \$22, and left.

About a half hour later, the voic-

es conked out again. The customer frantically called in again and again. Have you seen this TV serviceman? Well, neither have they. The man never came back.

Naturally, there has been a big reaction to all these fraudulent practices. In the fall of 1953 the Better Business bureau of Atlanta, Ga., became so concerned that they began a policed TV-service association. In Spokane, Wash., a city ordinance licenses TV-service companies. In Massachusetts, a statute forbids bait advertising.

The BBB of New York City issued a three point bulletin on advertising, recommending that: 1. No prices should be mentioned. 2. Free estimate offers should not be used. 3. Guarantees should be specific as to duration and actual terms.

Such measures are well and good. Both the authorities and the TV-service industry are anxious to halt TV thievery. But the only real solution lies with the 30 million TV set owners.

When the TV goes bad, we want it repaired right now. Also, we want it repaired for nothing. We're natural-born "live ones" for bunko artists.

Technician magazine reports that the average TV set needs a repair job between two and three times a year. GE's recent survey shows that the average TV service call costs about \$9. If you need three calls it will cost you \$27 for the year. However, remember that these

are averages; you may run much higher some years and other years it might not cost you anything, or you might even be a fortunate owner who will have only a few calls over the complete life of the receiver. But all things considered, you can figure about \$27 per year. Now, whom should you give this \$27 a year to? Steer clear of the gyps, and pick out a reliable repair company.

It is easy. First, there are the TV companies who are bonded. For instance, Raytheon has had a plan in effect since 1945. They bond radio-TV service companies through several large surety companies. Out of millions of service jobs performed by 30,000 servicers thus bonded, fewer than 50 complaints are reported.

Then there are the factory-authorized service companies. Philco will authorize a TV outfit if it can prove a good reputation, adequate test equipment, and plenty of knowhow. Your brand TV is probably in the phone book, with a list of reliable TV companies for you to call.

In every state of the Union, independent TV-service organizations have been formed. They include Radio and Television Association of New Hampshire, Philadelphia Radio Servicemen's association, Radio-Television Association of Kalamazoo, Mich., Texas Electronic association, and the Rocky Mountain Radio-TV guild. Each is dedi-

cated to the bettering of public relations, elimination of bait advertising, technician respectability, and continual training.

A news daily in a New York City suburb conducted an honesty survey. The basis of the test was a receiver that was in operating condition except for one bad tube deliberately inserted. Two companies who used bait advertising tried to pull the set into their shops. But all technicians called from service associations merely replaced the tube at list price plus the service fee.

So don't be sucked in by false promises of fast, cheap service. Reliable firms can fix any set at the least expense to you. It turns out that anything cheap-appearing in TV service is actually dear, and only the very best is truly the bargain.



#### Hearts Are Trumps

We nuns operate a Catholic hospital in the deep South, where few Catholics live. For years, ours was the only hospital in town. Then, not long ago, a group of the city's doctors started one of their own. The gleaming new facilities of this hospital, plus a strong undercurrent of religious prejudice, worked against us. Most patients able to pay preferred the new hospital, and we could see financial disaster ahead.

The new hospital's management followed a hard-boiled policy on fees. Payments were demanded one week in advance, and patients unable to meet them were referred to us. Of course, we never turned anyone away.

One day, an old man requested admission. He had no suitcase; his only luggage was tied up in a frayed red handkerchief. We could see that he was desperately ill. We gave him the only private room available, and made sure that he had the best of care.

Yet, for all our efforts, his case proved hopeless. Knowing that his death was near, he confessed to us that he had been baptized a Catholic. We summoned the chaplain, and the old man fervently received the last sacraments. We also notified his relatives, yet few appeared. To them, he was only a "poor relation." All the Sisters who could be spared from duty attended his funeral, to swell the pitifully small number who would be there.

You can imagine our surprise when we learned that he had left a will! And we were more surprised still to find that our Religious Community was the chief beneficiary of an estate running into many thousands of dollars.

The bread we nuns cast upon the waters has come home, not so much to us, as to the hundreds of people who will benefit from the magnificent new wing of St. Joseph's Memorial hospital!

Sister A. R.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

## Our Gringo Pastor

He never took anything for himself-not even our love

By SISTER MARIA DEL REY

Condensed from "In and Out the Andes"\*

P ADRE TOMÁS was my best friend. Come to think of it, he was the best friend of everybody here in our little town of Curepto, Chile.

I, Juan, was here when he came. He was a fresh young padre straight from the States, with the gringo accent still heavy on his tongue. We weren't too happy then to have a foreign priest! He might change our old, easygoing ways. I was here also on that sad Sunday morning when they announced in church before Mass, "Padre Tomás died suddenly of a heart attack half an hour ago. Please pray for his soul."

I can still hear the gasp that fol-

lowed, the silence before we sank to our knees. It wasn't only that the parish had lost a pastor. Each of us had lost his dear son. And later, as we looked on his young face in the white stillness of the coffin, we knew that we had lost a well-beloved father, too.

Oh, he was a father to us, all right, correcting us, guiding us, pushing us firmly into the right path. Yet, you wouldn't think, to see him riding down the main street with a hand lifted in greeting to everybody, from the smallest *chico* playing in the mud to the rich old mayor himself—you wouldn't think that he took his job as spiritual father seriously. He had the nicest way of doing it.

"You're just like my own mother," he told my wife, Luisa, on his very first visit to our home. "Let me call you mama!"

My Luisa's not so well. Padre Tomás got to asking her about it. It was pretty plain that we didn't

have too much money, and he probably knew (as everybody in town knew) that most of my pay went to the tavern. Well, Padre Tomás said to my old wife, "Mama, I'm going to Santiago next week. I'll get you some medicine."

My back began to stiff-



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en, and so did Luisa's. We're poor and I have my faults, I know, but still we're not letting strangers . . . .

"Padre," says Luisa slowly, "my señor can buy what I need."

Padre Tomás laughed. "Of course, he can!" he said. "Of course! But you're mama to me here in Curepto, so let me have the happiness of getting medicine for my mama."

That made it plain. A man has the right to get medicine for his mama, hasn't he? You couldn't get insulted at that, could you? All the same, it stung me that my wife's medicine came from another pocket than mine. I thought of it the next time I went into the tavern. I thought of it, and marched right out again with my pay squeezed tight in my pocket.

Everywhere Padre Tomás went, people loaded him with gifts. Then he'd go into old Magdalena's home next door to ours, and say, "Look what I found on the bush outside your door. You've got a wonderful plant there, Magdalena. It grows buns and oranges and meat loaf all

on the same bush!"

And Magdalena would "Now, Padre, the people give you those things for yourself!"

"They gave it to the wrong fellow, then," he'd reply, filling up her cupboard as if he lived there.

He was in and out of our houses as if he owned every one of them. You would no more think to invite him in than you'd tell your brother he was free to come in. He knew it

without anybody's word. He knew us so well, he never stood on ceremony. Said just what he thought and never tried to act like a guest. That's how he cured Maria Lopez

of her quick temper.

Maria's a wonderful woman. She's been a schoolteacher here for 20 years, and supports her mother. Maria gets to know about many poor children in school. In a quiet way, she gives them things they need. She took two of them into her house and brings them up as her own. So you see Maria's a fine woman. But she does get mad easily.

Padre Tomás liked to go over there for dinner. He'd jolly up Maria's old mother, who's always complaining about her aches and pains. Then one day, Maria killed her pig, and she sent Padre Tomás the head as a present. That's the custom in our town. When you kill a pig you divide it among your friends.

Padre Tomás sent the head back to Maria with a note. "Why don't you cook it for me, too, Maria? I'm coming over tomorrow and we'll all enjoy it."

Now, Maria's a good cook. This head she was going to make extraspecial, so she put in a lot of ahi. Ahi is a small plant, but is it hot! Padre Tomás took one bite, and yelled, "What are you trying to do, Maria? Poison me?" Then he started joking with her mother, "How I pity you, señora! Maria is



the worst cook in Curepto!"

Maria started to boil inside. Poor thing, you can see her side of it. Working all day over a special treat, and then be-

ing called the worst cook in Curepto. She flounced out of the room in a rage.

Padre Tomás thought she'd get over it. But things began to look serious when she did not go to Communion for three days. She, who was a daily communicant for years! So the Padre stopped her one day.

"I've missed you these mornings, Maria. You're in church but you don't receive our Lord."

"I can't." Maria was stiff as a

"Why not? Come on, out with it, Maria."

"If you must know, Padre," she said, "I'm mad at you. Terribly mad. So mad, that it's a big sin."

Padre Tomás laughed again. "I'm not that important, Maria. Being mad at me is no big sin."

"I'd have to go to Confession, Padre. And I won't go."

"Well, if being mad at me is all you've got on your conscience, don't bother to confess it. Lots of good people get mad at me. Go on to Communion, Maria."

She did, but she was still pretty stiff. A couple of days later Padre went to visit her mother. Maria opened the door for him, but then disappeared. Padre Tomás gave her mother a crucifix. "This is for you, mamita," he said in a loud voice. "And there's another for Maria when she learns not to get mad over nothing." That night, Maria sent him a big dish of pig's head—without ahi.

I don't think the Padre ever rested. He seemed to keep going all day around Curepto or up in the hill district of his big parish. You'd see him in the morning after Mass visiting the school, giving out report cards, or seeing about some rapscallion who was causing trouble. Then he'd be out meeting a funeral and walking down the village street in black stole. Next you'd see him chatting with the market women, and going away with his pockets stuffed. (He gave it all away; he ate like a sparrow when he was by himself, his housekeeper said.) His cassock was out at the elbows and his shoes were only uppers. "A man should have his feet on the ground," he used to answer when we joked him about it.

Yet, he took a bunch of schoolboys down to the seaside for two days, once, and spent 600 pesos for ice-cream cones. The boys will never forget it.

At night, often, he'd thunder through town on his big white horse, flying out to a hut miles away, where some poor fellow was giving his soul back to God. We

used to hesitate about calling the Padre at night or asking him to come long distances. But he always wanted to be called. "Just let me know," he said. "Any time, any place, for anybody. We all need

help when we're dying."

I went with him on a week-end trip, once. That's how I know he was a man of iron. I'm no softie myself, but I couldn't keep up to him. We left on Saturday, after he was through hearing Confessions in the afternoon. We rode 35 miles through bad mud to La Hornilla (The Little Oven), arriving around midnight. I turned in, but Padre Tomás sat up awhile saying his prayers by the light of a candle. In the morning when I woke, he was busy hearing confessions before the Mass! And after breakfast, he started visiting the sick who couldn't come. He knew all their names and all their symptoms. Then we got back on our horses. The Padre was due at Concepción, six miles away, to hear Confessions and say Mass the next morning.

It was dusk when we came into town. It was "Hello!" here and "Buenas noches!" there all along the street; "How's your baby?" to one, and "Mass is at 7," to another. He was hardly down from his horse when he started off again to visit the sick and arrange to bring Holy Communion to them. Me? I was all in! I saw to the horses, ate supper, and went to bed.

Each year in Curepto we elect a

Queen of the Carnival—sort of a Queen of the May. For us, down south of the Equator, November is the month of our Lady. Everything's springtime then. It's our loveliest month.

The contest is run by the township to make a little money for the public works. Whichever girl can sell the most votes wins. With a system like that, it's plain that the richest girl will win. It's always

been that way in Curepto.

But Padre Tomás was determined that this year a poor girl would be Queen. He chose a policeman's daughter, Teresa-a nice girl, pretty as a picture. He got her to work hard selling votes to her friends. Even so, she was soon running a bad second to rich old Don Carlos' girl.

Padre Tomás went to the police chief then. "Look here," he said. "It's up to you policemen to put Teresa on top. You get votes from every man on the police force for Teresa and I'll get them from the parish school. But we won't reveal them until the last minute. That way, Don Carlos won't have time to throw in more votes for his girl."

The last night of the contest everybody was in the town plaza. The mayor was getting in late votes and reading out the score. Don Carlos' girl was away out



in front. It all seemed to be going just like every other year. The contest was closing in another minute. Then Padre Tomás stepped up and handed a packet of votes to the mayor. You should have seen his face!

"But . . . ," he sputtered.

"No buts about it, Your Honor," the Padre said. "These votes are for Teresa, and they're in before the deadline."

The mayor, in a trembling voice, read out the score, afraid to look at Don Carlos. Teresa won, of course.

The town went mad with delight. We never knew before how much we really had wanted a queen from one of ourselves. There never was such a fiesta in Curepto! It was a poor man's fiesta, the best Curepto had ever known.

Padre Tomás was tired, I guess, although he kept

going the same as always. Every evening he had Marian devotions, like the May devotions you have up North. Besides, he had funerals, weddings, Baptisms, sick calls, and mission trips. Then one Saturday he carefully prepared his sermon for the next day. It was on the Last Judgment. He went to bed late, as usual.

Around 5 next morning, Padre Martin heard him call. He was almost too late to get the oils and administer Extreme Unction. In half an hour, Padre Tomás was dead-dead at only 32 years of age!

Can you imagine how we felt? Can you picture us in church as we came to Mass that Sunday morning and heard another priest say, "Padre Tomás died half an hour ago. Let us now pray for the repose of his soul."

They kept his body four days in church, dressed in the holy Mass vestments. People came in and went out all day long. Me? I stayed there. In a corner of the church, I watched them come and go. Huasos from the fundos far away

rode up to the church door and left their dusty, sweating horses tied to a pole while they knelt beside his bier. Children wandered in after school hours and said the Rosary on their fingers for him. "He gave me a haircut," one boy boasted as a group went out. "He pulled out this front tooth!"

said another. Old and young women looked down at his clean, strong features and thought of his mother, so far away. "He said I was just like his sister," I heard one say. "And I was like his aunt," said another. I smiled to myself. Padre Tomás' relatives sure looked like a lot of different people!

Don Carlos came in, too. And the mayor. The two of them forgot all about the contest. Nobody was ever mad at Padre Tomás long not even Maria.

Wednesday we buried him in the

little cemetery outside of town. The crowd filled our main street, and surged along the road up the hill. I thought of the hundreds of times Padre Tomás had climbed that hill to consign one of us in Curepto to his last resting place. And now we were trudging after his coffin.

The Bishop of Talca was there, and 25 of his fellow priests from Maryknoll. So were the mayor and city treasurer, the *fundo* owners, the storekeepers, and the schoolteachers and their children. And there were *huasos* and country people, farmers in their oxcarts, and, of course, everybody who lived in Curepto. There were thousands in our town that day.

The band was out, too. But when it came time to play while the body was being lowered into the grave, Pablo, the clarinetist, couldn't find his reed mouthpiece. The band had to play on without him.

This was serious for Pablo. You can't get the reeds anywhere but in Santiago. Poor Pablo turned his pockets inside out and searched the tall grass long after the crowd had gone. Juan, the bandleader, helped him search. But it was no use. Then an inspiration seized Juan.

"Let's ask Padre Tomás to help us find it, Pablo," he said. "Surely, even up there above he can't forget us in Curepto." Down the two of them went onto their knees in the freshly turned earth. Then they turned to go home.

"There isn't much use looking," Pablo said as they plodded home in the thick dust which thousands had trampled that morning. "And yet I can't help hoping . . . ." And suddenly there it was, as plain as day, sitting on top of a rut in the road!

That's why, here in Curepto, when a child loses his school pencil the mama will say, "Pray to Padre Tomás. He helps careless boys to find their lost things."

That's why, too, you will find in any hut in this wide parish a little picture of Padre Tomás tacked to the wall. Sometimes there's a candle in front of it.

Padre Tomás lives with us still even though four years have gone by since he died so suddenly. His spirit is part of us. He never kept anything for himself. Not even the love we gave him. That, he gave to God.

It was not because we loved him for himself that we went to Mass oftener and tried to live better lives. That's proved because we are still going to Mass and still trying, even though another priest has taken his place. No, Padre Tomás took nothing for himself. Not even our love.

Notre Dame started a special course in American slang for its foreign students after one respectfully addressed the dean with "I'm very pleased to meet you, sir. I've heard you are a wise guy."

Quote (27 March '55).

# The Implications of Federal Housing

Bureaucratic powers have built-in abuses

HE MANAGER of a publichousing project in the little town of Hopewell, Va., not

long ago issued some regulations: no pets; no light bulbs of more than 60 watts; no consuming of intoxicating liquors on the premises. The first regulation might be defended as reasonable, the second in the name of economy.

But there was no defense for the third edict. Virginia editors nailed the villian manager to a cross of scorn; local radio commentators took up the cry; a national television program spotlighted Hopewell. A man's freedom to take off his shoes and drink beer was at stake, and this high freedom one defends to the death.

The upshot was that the Hopewell Housing authority nervously rescinded the orders about light bulbs and bourbon; the project manager, brooding sadly, went back to collecting his rents; the local press went victoriously on to the basketball games. It was a two-day story.

But the real story was missed; for the Hopewell decree spoke eloquently of an evil abroad in our By JAMES J. KILPATRICK Condensed from Human Events\*

land. The petty, domineering regulations spoke of statism in terms the ordinary man could comprehend. Speak of "governmental controls" or warn of "infringements upon individual liberty," and the words and the warning are largely lost. But a 100-watt bulb is a tangible thing, and a can of beer may adorn the humblest home. Here was the hand of the omnipotent state reaching into a citizen's living room, cutting off his lights and corking his bottle. Here in Hopewell, in the person of an earnest if misguided do-gooder, Big Brother was watching us.

The lesson of Hopewell was that governmental controls inevitably accompany governmental subsidies, that bureaucratic powers have builtin bureaucratic abuses.

The same cold shadow of statism is to be found not merely in one public-housing project in Hopewell, Va., but in 450,000 public-housing units across the country. Not one person in 10,000 grasps the fantastic magnitude of the gov-

\*1835 K Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C. March 19, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Human Events, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

ernment's operations in the fields of 1. housing, and 2. mortgage finance.

So-called "low-income public housing" is the statist philosophy at work in the field. We have three such public-housing projects in my own city; they include 1,200 one-to-four-bedroom apartments, called "units." The units are occupied by 1,200 families whose discoverable incomes are not above certain fixed amounts.

A man and wife may apply for admission provided their incomes do not exceed \$2,200 a year; a family of four is eligible up to \$2,400; a family of five up to \$2,700 a year. Hereabouts, the tenants pay rent that may range all the way from \$14 a month to \$50 a month, depending upon a baffling table of values and factors. As long as they pay up by the 6th of the month and keep their incomes at a deserving sociological level, they are set: stove and refrigerator furnished, all utilities included in rent.

In theory, the rent costs one-fifth less than it would in comparable private apartments; in practice, it costs about one-half as much. Nationally, American taxpayers put up a subsidy of \$63 million a year to close the gap between rental income and project operating costs. Locally, the taxpayers provide \$370 a year for each of the 1,200 families in our local projects. For every \$1 in rent paid by the tenants, tax-

payers pay \$1, too. This is called the taxpayer's "contribution" to the public-housing program.

This "low-income public housing" is frequently resented: the House of Representatives is for-ever killing off low-income public-housing programs, only to bow grumpily to the senior wisdom of the Senate. But other governmental housing programs continue to expand to the sound of large, approving applause. The "boom in private residential construction" stems entirely from the programs of federal loan insurance.

You do not lay out a subdivision in America any more without federal loan insurance; you scarcely build a single house without federal loan insurance. The first question that is asked of an architect is not if his plan is sound, or if his stresses are properly computed; the first question is whether his design meets the MPR (Minimum Property Requirements) of the Federal Housing administration. Woe betide the builder whose kitchen shelf is 101/2 inches deep instead of 11 inches, or whose closet is 35 inches wide instead of 36! Let us use steel-cut nails on the flooring! Let us use steel-cut nails, or there will be no insurance; no insurance, no loan; no loan, no house.

The building industry now worships at the shrine of the FHA. The builders who wax indignant at public-housing subsidies are marvelously warm to loan insurance. It is plainly wrong for the taxpayer to pay the tenant's rent, but somehow plainly right for the taxpayer to assume the lender's risk.

What does the risk amount to? The Hoover commission, in its report of March 14, put total loans, guarantees, commitments and authorizations of all agencies in the housing field at \$59 billion. Senator Byrd puts it at \$61 billion. Anyway, it is more than the entire national debt of 12 years ago.

The loans will not suddenly all go bad. The number of foreclosures is still exceedingly small. Yet contingently and potentially, ownership of the vast bulk of housing erected in the last ten years lies in the hands of the federal government.

They are far off, those hands, but they are busy hands. They are writing manuals, prescribing specifications, dispatching emissaries, issuing regulations. They are conducting research, testing materials, defining standards. They are binding and loosing, controlling and directing. And many a responsible builder and banker and real-estate man admits an occasional uneasiness toward it all. The good craftsman has to submit his blueprints to officialdom; the prudent lender has to wait on approval of federal loan insurance. The homeowner, ready to sell, has the fixing of his price taken effectively out of his

hands: no "GI loan" can be insured on property sold at a price higher than the "GI appraisal." The appraiser decides the price.

To be sure, there is good to be found in the housing program. Many families move out of the slums and into a public-housing project, find there a measure of fresh dignity and hope, and then move out of the project as family income increases. And through the loan insurance, many a young veteran will buy his house "like rent." He will make a go of the venture, and find a source of pride, an inspiration to personal industry, in the sense of home ownership.

But "goods" and "benefits" must be weighed against the price. That price is not measured in dollars. We pay for the housing program in terms of responsibilities surrendered and authorities granted; we pay in the extension of government into the housing business; we pay in the abuses of privilege and the corruptions of power. We pay in the diminishing of those qualities of thrift and personal sacrifice and hard achievement that once made the purchase of a home a thrilling milestone for the family.

It is when nearly all our builders and bankers pass on their risks to remote taxpayers, and the government counts the light bulbs and measures the shingles that we must ask where the current "housing acts" and loan programs are leading us.

## The Soo: Artery of Industrial Might

Its builder fought nature and his men to complete the world's greatest canal just 100 years ago

> By JAMES H. WINCHESTER Condensed from the Holy Name Journal\*

HE SOO CANAL is the world's busiest waterway. On a peak day, 90 vessels will go through the locks. It carries more tonnage annually than the Panama, Suez, and Manchester canals and the Rhine river all put together. Yet the Soo piles up its record in only eight months each year, when its river is ice-free, while the others are open to traffic 12 months of the year.

It is officially the St. Mary's Fall canal, but is better known simply as the Soo. This is its centennial year, which will be observed with

a celebration. On June 18, 1855, the steamer Illinois passed upstream through the two locks and the dredged-out river channel linking Lakes Huron and Superior.

The Soo canal,

more than any one factor, perhaps, is responsible for the industrial growth of the U.S.

Today the Soo is still the one vital link between the iron rim of Lake Superior and the blast furnaces that border the lower lakes. Some 85% of all iron ore produced in the U.S., plus tremendous quantities of limestone, grain, oil, paper pulp, and manufactured goods, are



\*141 E. 65th St., New York City 21. March, 1955. Copyright 1955, and reprinted with permission.

transported through the Soo each season.

The idea for it goes far back in history. Sometime between 1615 and 1623 the French explorer Étienne Brule pushed up the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers. Then he edged along the shores of Georgian bay and on up the St. Mary's river, where 21-foot rapids blocked his way. Brule named the falls Sant de Gaston, in honor of the younger brother of Louis XIII of France.

French explorers, Jesuit priests, and others who followed Brule changed the name of the rapids to Sainte Marie du Sant, then to Sault de Ste. Marie and finally to Sault Ste. Marie, as they are known today.

A Catholic mission post, built by Father Marquette on the southern edge of the rapids in 1668, was the first permanent building on the site of what is now the city of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Now by-passing the falls which first stopped Brule is the mile-long ship canal known as the Soo.

The Soo has well been called the "most important mile in America." When it was first dug, the ironore beds of the Eastern U.S., never very extensive, were nearly played out. The U.S. then ranked fifth among the iron-making countries of the world. For the last three-quarters of a century, the U.S. has been first.

The Soo was the dominant factor in getting mountains of ore cheap-

ly from Lake Superior ranges to the mills. It permitted the U.S. to make, first, good iron, and then good steel, cheap enough to speed the building of America.

In the early days, when the wilderness village of Sault Ste. Marie was one of the Northland's most important fur-trading centers, voyagers had to portage around the falls. The first actual canal and locks around the rapids was built on the Canadian side of the river by the Northwest Fur Co. in 1797-98. The lock was only 39 feet long, eight feet wide, and nine feet deep. Oxen pulled the bateaux and canoes of the traders along its length. However, this lock was destroyed by U.S. troops during the War of 1812, and was never rebuilt,

By the middle of the last century, the first iron and copper mines began to flourish in upper Michigan and Minnesota. The need for a cargo-carrying canal became acute. In the 1830's such a canal was authorized by the Michigan Legislature, and work was actually started. However, the state engineers forgot to obtain permission to make their cut across federal lands. Army troops were ordered in to stop them.

It wasn't until Aug. 21, 1852, that Congress finally granted 750,000 acres of federal lands to Michigan for the canal. The lands were to be given to the contractor, in payment for his work.

Into this ready-made situation

stepped Charles T. Harvey, a brash, imaginative young traveling salesman for the Fairbanks Scales Co., of St. Johnsbury, Vt. While visiting the Soo to recover from typhoid, he had seen rich piles of copper and iron ore piling up there because the producers had no ready nor cheap way to get them down to Ohio and Pennsylvania.

It was on Harvey's recommendation, after Congress authorized the canal, that the Fairbanks brothers organized the Saint Mary's Falls Ship Canal Co., and successfully bid for the job. Although he was no engineer and was only 24 years old, Harvey was placed in charge. It was a titanic assignment: the job had to be completed within 24 months or the builders would forfeit their fee.

Harvey faced stupendous difficulties. The weather was miserable, temperatures dropping to 35° below zero for months at a time during the winter. Labor was scarce. Immigrants were shanghaied off boats in Eastern harbors.

It was all blasting, too, through solid rock. Every keg of powder had to be laboriously transported from Delaware or Connecticut. Stone to face the canal and lock walls had to be hauled and floated from Canada and Ohio. The nearest machine shop was several hundred miles away. The closest telegraph station was at Detroit. Army engineers, assigned to act as inspectors, differed with Harvey,

the nonengineer, at every turn. But Harvey, working 18 to 20 hours a day himself, kept the work moving.

Once he was faced with a strike. "Go ahead and stay off the job," he told the men. "But if you don't work you don't eat." Sault Ste. Marie had no restaurants. Harvey posted guards at his own cook shacks. After missing two meals, the hungry crews returned to work.

Again, a cholera epidemic struck in the spring of 1854. To prevent panic among his men, he would gather each night's victims early in the morning, hide them all day, and then bury them secretly after dark. He lost one-tenth of his 3,000-man working force, but a panic was averted. Not a day's work was lost.

A New York engineering firm wanted six months and \$150,000 to remove submerged rocks from the Lake Superior entrance to the canal. Harvey built in his own crude shops a steam hammer that did the job in five weeks, at a cost of less than \$5,000. He completed the canal and its two 300-foot long locks with two months to spare. The cost was just under \$1 million.

Control of the canal was transferred to the federal government by the Michigan legislature in 1881. Under the state, tolls were charged. Today, the army operates the facility toll-free, its locks available to the ships of all nations.

Quite a few changes have been made at the Soo since Harvey's

day. His original locks, good as they were, were soon inadequate. They were removed and replaced by the Poe lock in 1869. An additional lift, the Weitzel lock, was completed in 1881, and another lock was opened on the Canadian side in 1895. The Davis and Sabin locks, each with a capacity of two 600-foot-long ore boats at a time, were opened during the 1st World War. The 800-foot-long MacArthur lock, deepest and most modern of the four American lifts, was completed in 1943, replacing the outmoded Weitzel.

Although the MacArthur lock has been in operation a dozen years now, its official dedication will be a major part of this summer's centennial. Gen. Douglas MacArthur, for whom it is named,

plans to take part.

During the six weeks of the centennial, nearly 200,000 people a week are expected to visit the Soo. They will see an operation that is amazingly swift and smooth. It averages only 15 minutes to lock a giant ore carrier up or down. The lake-boat captains, who use no pilots, make an average of two trips a week through the Soo during the April-to-November season. They know the intricacies of the

lock operation as well as the lockmaster himself, perched in a 70foot tower.

The army engineers, who operate the canal and locks, and the U.S. Coast Guard, which directs traffic in the river channels leading to the Soo, shudder to even think about accidents. Several have happened. Late in the last century, a ship sank in the river channel, tying up traffic completely for more than a week. In 1909, a ship rammed the gate of the Canadian lock, putting the chamber out of commission for months.

In 1942, a switch engine plunged off the international railroad bridge which spans the canal at its Lake Superior end, blocking the channel to two of the locks for three days. Still later, in 1948, the wind swung a giant ore carrier across the face of a lock, jamming the passage for half a day.

Despite the brief interruptions, the Soo has unspectacularly but always efficiently fulfilled the role for which it was designed. It is a busy funnel through which the iron ore and the wheat, the limestone and the copper, the lumber and the oil, which are lifeblood to America's industrial might and greatness, can flow in an unceasing stream.

5 6

When a Chicago policeman started to ticket a double-parked car, a man hurried up and explained that he always double parks when he visits his dentist. He likes to have something to worry about to keep his mind off the pain.

Charles Mull, Jr. in the Victorian (Nov., '54).

### What Do You Owe Your Parents?

"Honor thy father and mother" has some present-day applications

By ROBERT P. GOLDMAN

THE MINUTE you left home for good, something happened to your parents. When you got a job out of town, married, set up your own household, you perhaps didn't notice the subtle changes in your father and mother.

But when you left them, they became, in a sense, unemployed. Unless they had

younger children still to rear, their job as parents was done. To the average American mother, this happens when she is 47 years old; to the average father, when he is 50. Yet, at the half-century mark each of them can look forward to 15, 20, 25 or more fruitful years of life.

It was different 100 years ago. The average man was lucky to survive past middle age. In 1855, two or three generations were likely to live in the same farmhouse, work in the same fields. As cities changed



Condensed from Parade\*

the face of America, more and more young adults were separated from their parents. Now, seven out of ten parents live away from their adult children. These are 1955 "facts of life."

Yet, your parents, whether they live one block or a thousand miles away, still are your parents. You remain tied to them emo-

tionally. They worry about you and you about them. They may intrude themselves into your life without meaning to; they may create situations in day-to-day living that sooner or later prove painful for all concerned.

Naturally, you don't want to hurt them. But you have a life of your own. You have, or probably will have, children of your own. Providing for and attending to the needs of your own household, your own social life, is just about a fulltime job. You have the future to

\*285 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Mar. 20, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Parade Publication, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

consider. But you do not want to neglect your own father and mother.

Inevitably, "middle-generation" children ask: Exactly what do I owe my parents? Am I doing right by them, or wrong?

Priests, doctors, social scientists, family relations experts—all are deeply concerned with this growing problem. Their answers are more important now than ever before, if only because America now has a record number of people 65 and older (14 million), with more to come.

What about money? Often you hear it said that young people lack moral fiber because they do not support their parents financially. The hard fact is that the realities of living today prevent many young people from giving their parents much financial help. Just how much you owe your parents in this regard depends upon your own particular circumstances. Certainly, you must consider your financial obligations to your children in deciding just how much help you can give your parents. Fortunately, more and more elderly people are becoming independent through Social Security, old-age insurance, and various pension plans.

Nevertheless, you do have a responsibility to understand the needs of your parents and do things that enable them to meet those needs so that they can live full, well-rounded lives past middle age. Old peo-

ple want and need affection, understanding, and respect. But most of all, they want to be self-sufficient. Anything you can do to help your parents to live their own lives, to "be themselves," is important.

It's your attitude that determines whether you will help or hurt a parent. Most older people are capable of thinking clearly, learning, sharing in responsibilities, and participating in a wide range of activities. So encourage your parents to do something, anything, which they feel is worth while.

Overprotecting parents, by making them feel that they are invalids to be coddled, can actually make them ill. The old saying, "You've earned your rest," has done more harm than good.

What if parents interfere? Most people have had some experience with the trouble that can be caused by a grandmother who feels that her daughter-in-law does not know how to raise the children and says so. The best remedy is to keep cool, use reason, listen to criticism—and accept it if it's good. But, if you disagree, put your foot down and point out that you are going to raise the youngsters your way. In addition, try to convince your parent that your way is sound. After all, many grandmothers these days are still young, between 40 and 50. They are open to suggestion, You might suggest that grandmother bone up on your method of raising youngsters.

A woman was asked if she had yet made the long trip to California to visit her son and his new wife.

"No, I've been waiting until they have their first baby."

"Oh, I see, you don't want to spend the money for the trip until then."

"No, it isn't that," the woman replied. "I have a theory that grandmothers are more welcome than mothers-in-law."

Wall Street Journal.

What if a parent gets sick? Two attitudes often held by adult off-spring are particularly destructive, says Dr. Maurice Linden, director, Philadelphia Division of Mental Health. Some children say or think, "Forget about it; you're always beefing." Fortunately, this attitude is not common. Then there is the child who magnifies his parent's complaint, and thus helps make the parent sicker than he really is. Such concern normally is sincere, but does harm, nonetheless.

Both attitudes, says Dr. Linden, should be replaced by a calm assurance that proper medical attention will yield good results. Many children feel that illnesses of the aged are inevitable. They defer treatment, and disorders become serious.

What if you live together? A

young couple in Washington, D.C., tell of the husband's 75-year-old mother who lives with them and makes their lives miserable. What should they do?

Says Dr. Edward J. Stieglitz, Washington authority on the aged, "It is possible, but not probable, that married children and parents can live happily in the same home.

"The psychological price paid for living together far exceeds the financial price of supporting two households. It would be preferable if parents could live in quarters adjacent to, but not in, the children's home."

Clark Tibbitts (chairman of the Committee on Aging and Geriatrics, U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare) suggests that if it is absolutely necessary for parents and children to "double up," they should try taking vacations from each other periodically. Middle-generation children might also consider hiring "parent-sitters" now and then. This would give the children a chance to enjoy evenings out.

How can you show devotion to your parents? Nothing has greater emotional value than an actual visit to the home of your parent or by them to yours, says Dr. Wilma Donahue of the University of Michigan Institute for Human Adiustment.

She advises, "Plan your visits carefully. Have some idea of what activities the older persons will en-

joy most. If you are a daughter, don't go home and start cleaning the house. Your mother will be insulted. Just good old-fashioned family visits can be very rewarding, especially if you have kept up on each other's interests."

If you live hundreds of miles from your parents, the best and cheapest way to keep abreast of their interests is to write letters. Dr. Donahue suggests these general rules for letter writing.

Save your criticisms (if any) until you see your parents face to face. Keep on a positive note. An occasional expression of affection, as simple as "I wish you could have been with us last night," gives parents a feeling of security.

Don't write once-a-month "duty" letters. Write when you have something to say. Talk about the music lessons for Johnnie, or the new electric stove, or improvements planned for the house. Such newsy letters give parents a feeling of participation in your lives. Through letters, let your parents share your friends.

Don't restrict gift giving to occasions like Christmas. Send simple gifts every so often, even when there is no special reason. However, every family has certain days in its history when something important happened. That's the time to come up with a gift or a letter.

Prof. Ernest Burgess, of the University of Chicago, stresses the point that successful relations of parents and middle-generation chil-

dren seem to be based on both "living their own lives, but maintaining mutually satisfying contacts."

A final obligation: Tibbitts feels strongly that children owe it to all concerned to go out in the community and plump for facilities—day center, recreational, hospital—for the aged. In his opinion, this is both a civic and a personal duty.

He relates the story of a woman who called him recently, saying that her 79-year-old father who lived with her just sat in a rocker all day. He had nothing to do. "That woman should go out, find other people who have the same problem, and form a club. That way they'd be sure that their aged parents have something to do," Tibbitts says firmly.

This, then, is what you owe your parents: understanding, support, respect, and awareness of what it takes to live well-rounded lives beyond the middle years.

Of course, parents owe something to themselves, too. They need a purpose in old age more important than mere survival, says Dr. Stieglitz. And they need to be mature enough to accept reality, including inevitable handicaps.

"The true tragedy of old age," he declares, "is not being old, but being too young (immature) when old. We can help people to mature, not merely age." This, too, you owe your parents.

When I Bailed

By PILOT OFFICER BRIAN CROSS As told to DAVID LAMPE, JR.

Condensed from the American Weekly\*

THE VOICE of the ground controller crackled in my earphones, directing me and Pilot Officer Bill Woollard, in our Royal Air Force Meteor turbojets, into target position. We throttled eastward, and met two other Meteors that had been flying with us and were now our targets in the training exercise. It was just routine 500-mile-an-hour Sunday flying, last Dec. 5: weather clear, slight ground haze; mist over the English channel.

Five days a week I repair telephones in

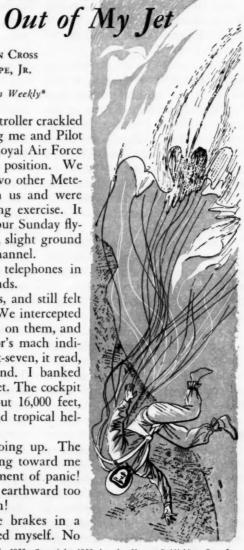
London. I fly jets on week ends.

I'd been airborne 26 minutes, and still felt my tanks heavy with jet fuel. We intercepted the targets, I made a clean run on them, and heeled into a dive. My Meteor's mach indicator was climbing. Mach-point-seven, it read, seven-tenths the speed of sound. I banked downward to around 28,000 feet. The cockpit was snug, pressurized for about 16,000 feet, and my summer flying suit and tropical helmet kept me warm enough.

The mach indicator kept going up. The checkerboard fields were coming toward me in a gentle spiral. Then a moment of panic! I was in a mach dive, twisting earthward too

quickly to pull out of the spin!

I knew I must put on the brakes in a hurry. I forced the lever, braced myself. No



\*63 Vesey St., New York City 7. March 6, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Hearst Publishing Co., Inc. and reprinted with permission.

jolt came. Instead, the fields spun faster as the mach needle rose. I was spinning earthward at 560 miles an hour. Mach-seven-pointsix, seven-eight, seven-nine. Macheight. Eight-tenths the speed of sound!

I felt an insistent shuddering, beginning at my wing tips and vibrating the cockpit as the ship found itself nearing the rim of the sound barrier, "mach buffeting" we call it. Fields below were whirling like a roulette wheel. Through the thin ground mist, visibility was about 15 miles. I could make out the metallic sea off to the side, green fields, the sandy coastline—all coming up to meet me.

I had dropped from 28,000 to about 20,000 feet in seconds. No time to watch instruments. No time now to call ground control. No time to yell, "Mayday," the airman's SOS.

I hit the canopy release and the plexiglass bubble blew away. Whistling air blasted my face, pulled back my cloth helmet, tried to blow off my oxygen mask and headphones.

I had taken about 20 precious seconds to get the cockpit cover free. I reached for the ejection-seat handle overhead, but the wind wrenched my hands from the grip. I made another pass, with both hands. The wind tried to part my arms as I inched them, level with my face, toward the handle.

My gloved fingers clutched the

icy metal bar. I tugged awkwardly, trying to lower the spring-loaded curtain that would protect my face and at the same time set off a charge that would catapult me, seat and all, clear of the plane. I jerked hard. Nothing happened. A second pull did it.

I felt a "kick in the pants," and shot out of the Meteor, somer-saulting helplessly. Now everything would be automatic. The pilot chute would burst free, fill, and pull out the big silk. Then I would drift lazily to earth.

I let go of the ejection-seat bar, and its wildly flapping canvas tore past my face, ripping off my helmet and oxygen mask. The oxygen line and helmet flapped and dangled from a hook on my chest. The oxygen bottle was secure in the escape pack hanging behind me. As the pilot seat automatically fell away, I instinctively straightened my body.

I had no sensation of falling, no sensation of speed—only the wind. The jerk I awaited didn't come. I looked up, and saw the webbed canvas straps above me twisting themselves together. The chute was streaming long, like a candle, above me. It hadn't opened!

Hurtling downward, feet first, I was really scared. In training lectures, we had been told a little about what to do in cases like this. I grasped the canvas risers and tried to untwist them. They were so snarled that I could touch the shroud

lines, which normally would have been far out of reach. Quickly I parted the nylon strands. At last the jolt came. The parachute sorted itself out.

I saw blood spots on my chest, probably from cuts I received on my brow and nose when I was ejected. I glanced down. My left shoe was gone, and a stain covered half my sock. No time to worry about that. I could feel the chute full of air. Below me, the Meteor was corkscrewing earthward.

I glanced up again. Nearly half the chute was missing! About twofifths of the parachute was just a gaping hole.

Again the air began whistling past me faster than I thought it should. Again, I looked up. The chute was no longer bulging. It had candled again!

Then it righted itself, but briefly, and candled a third time. Meanwhile, the Meteor gently stopped revolving and flattened into a neat dive. The plane and I were now both over water. The ship leveled, and belly-flopped into the sea. The shock broke it to bits, and the pieces sank, leaving only an oil slick and some struts showing above water.

Very soon I'd hit, I knew, with a spine-cracking thump. As I spun, the chute's risers and shrouds twisted and tangled. I pulled at the canvas straps, trying desperately to force them apart. The parachute had to open. I succeeded! The harness suddenly caught me and jerked at my tense muscles as the parachute opened again.

I tried to relax, to make myself limp for what I knew would be coming in seconds. I stared upward, still fascinated by the shock-torn chute. The hole must have been ripped by the high speed of my dive when I bailed out at around mach-point-eight. No silk could be expected to resist such pressure.

It is said that when things like this happen to you, your whole life flashes past. My 21 years didn't. I was too preoccupied with the possibilities, every last one of them bad.

I was still worrying when I felt something whisk across my back. Suddenly, my view was blanked off by a wet, milky whiteness that foamed past my face and enveloped my body. My back was skidding across something gritty, something I couldn't identify.

Then I knew I was under water. I kicked and thrashed, trying to swim upward. As my head popped into the air, my feet touched sand. I was offshore in just three feet of very icy water. I released the torn parachute. Then I inflated the dinghy from the escape kit strapped behind me, and climbed aboard, taking some of the ocean along.

I'd landed in three feet of water all right, but I was nearly a mile from shore. The dingy's bailing bucket was collapsible; it folded up each time I tried to use it. I had just given up bailing when Bill Woollard's Meteor, the one that had been flying with me, swooped low.

As Bill circled back to the RAF base at North Weald I fired one of the six flares from the escape kit at him. I decided that I must be somewhere off Shoeburyness, a coastal town 40 miles from London.

In the haze overhead I could hear the slow, uneven drone of a piston-engine plane. I fired a flare to show where I was, and down came an Albatross amphibian, an American Air Force plane.

The amphibian touched water fifty yards from me, and taxied toward me. Its left rear hatch was already open, and three airmen stood waiting. One of the Yanks threw me a rope but I missed it. Wind and current carried me around to the other side.

As the airmen fumbled to open the hatch on the plane's right, I began drifting toward the idling starboard propeller, which was about a foot above the water. The pilot looked out, saw me, and revved his engine. It blew me back toward the open hatch.

As the Albatross took off, I was bundled onto a stretcher and given first aid. Eight minutes later, I was in an ambulance, and within 53 minutes of my ejection I was in a bed in the hospital at the American air base at Manston.

Capt. George C. Williams, Jr., navigator of the 9th Air-Sea Rescue Squadron Albatross, came to the hospital to see me. There had been, Williams said, a heavy wind blowing out to sea all that morning. Had my chute opened immediately, and had I gone down normally, I'd have been blown so far out to sea that nobody'd ever have been able to spot my raft. Ironically, the torn chute, though it nearly killed me, had saved my life!

I was aloft in a new Meteor, doing my week-end stint, just two months later.



#### Slight Misunderstanding

THE IRRITATING presence of Uncle Charlie in their home was the rock that almost wrecked the Brown's marriage. For ten long years, Uncle Charlie was with them, constantly nagging, finding fault, and getting first to the table. Finally he died. Driving home from the cemetery, Brown said to his wife, "Darling, I have a confession: if I had not loved you so much I could never have stood your Uncle Charlie."

Mrs. Brown's eyes widened. "What?" she shrieked. "I thought he was your Uncle Charlie!" Capper's Weekly.

## Thomas More Is My Favorite Saint

He proved that a halo and a brief case can go together

By GEORGE D. HALLER Condensed from the Rosary\*



Y FAVORITE saint is Thomas More. I am a lawyer, and I am proud that there is a

man of my profession among the

canonized.

More was human enough to be anyone's next-door neighbor. He studied law; he went to court, and at the close of day he carried home his brief case, like any office worker. He looked forward each day to coming home, where with his wife and children he found a little foretaste of paradise. I stand in awe of Simon on his pillar and Anthony in his cave; I respect the mystic visions of a John of the Cross; I bow to the fervor of the Little Flower and the angelic purity of Aloysius; but I cannot picture any of these comfortably gossiping with me at my hearthside. But Thomas More: he is the neighbor who leans across my fence, drops in to share my wine, or has me to his table to partake of his Christmas goose.

Thomas More didn't make a profession of heroism, like those gallant spirits Jogues and Brébeuf; when the time came, he put on heroism as casually as you and I

put on rubbers when it rains. He foresaw that King Henry VIII would some day arrest him. He invented a little game to ease the shock which would come to his wife and children; he had a friend occasionally come and hammer at the door, march in, and declare an arrest, "in the king's name!" When the dread moment was to arrive in reality, More hoped his family would be prepared to bear it.

Thomas More did not have the encouragement of angelic voices to accompany him into danger, as did Joan of Arc; he had only the "still, small voice of conscience," informed by his studies in the law. He wore no sword with which to lead charges against an alien enemy. He calmly walked the crowded streets of London to a prison cell, rather than bow to the illegal mandates of his king. All about him, the weaker spirits of peers and commons, prelates and clergy, bent before the storm of Henry's passion.

More went in a matter-of-fact way to his martyrdom. He did not die in a frenzy of religious exaltation like some of the ancient martyrs. He was Lord Chancellor of England. When Parliament passed a statute declaring King Henry to be head of the Church, in place of the Pope, the Vicar of Christ, More the lawyer applied legal principles to the matter. To him the law was unjust, a wrongful intrusion of the civil power into the realm of the spiritual. He calmly handed back to the king the Great Seal of England and gave up his exalted office.

Calmly, with grave humor, he signaled the event by only a little drama: at Mass he had been accustomed to sit apart from his family, in an official pew surrounded by his officers. An officer at the end of services would go to More's wife, and say, "My Lord has left his place." On this occasion, the newly-resigned Lord Chancellor himself walked to his wife's pew, and quietly said, "My Lord has left his place."

More walked down the path to martyrdom, as casually as he had strolled arm in arm with the king in the Thames-side garden of his home.

When he reached the steep steps of the scaffold he asked his guard to "see me safe up, and as for my coming down let me shift for my-self." And when he bowed his head over the block, to await the executioner's axe, and found his long beard lying on the wood, he moved it, quietly observing, "my beard hath never offended his Highness." Paul, a Roman citizen, had been concerned to escape cru-

cifixion and suffer death by the sword; and Peter had insisted on being crucified upside down. But Thomas More merely had his little joke.

As a lawyer, I am proud of how More was his own counsel when the stakes were life and death. The king had convened a "Royal Commission," a special "packed" court to try the charges. It consisted of the new Lord Chancellor Audley; the new Archbishop of Canterbury, the sycophant Cranmer, who had bribed the European universities to approve the king's divorce; the Duke of Norfolk, who was replaced by the Abbot of Westminster; and Thomas Cromwell, the real author of the English Reformation, and grandfather of the infamous Oliver Cromwell.

The chief charge was that More had denied the right of the king to be head of the Church in England, and one of the judges declared, "Though we have no word or deed of yours as evidence against you, we have your silence, an evident sign of the malice of your heart." This More smilingly rebutted with the old maxim of the English law, "Silence gives consent," and then, more seriously, pointed out that it had never been adjudged that a man should be condemned for his secret thoughts, by any earthly tribunal, "where the person giveth no occasion of slander, of tumult and sedition against his prince."

After the expected verdict was announced, Audley, the Lord Chancellor, in his haste to serve the tyrant king, began immediately to pronounce sentence. The prisoner reminded him of his error of procedure. "It has always been the custom of this realm, as I observed it when I sat in judgment, that the prisoner before the bar is first asked if he hath any reason why sentence should not be pronounced against him." And shamed and abashed, the judge was compelled to grant to the prisoner the ordinary legal courtesy afforded the meanest criminal.

In lawyer-like fashion, More gave his reasons why sentence should not be pronounced; not in hope of averting it, but "for the record." Only this time it was not simply "for the record" in the one small case of "The King versus More." It was for history's record of man's ancient struggle for liberty of conscience against tyranny. And this is what he said, "Now that it is plain that you are determined to condemn me, I will now in discharge of my conscience speak my mind plainly. My indictment is grounded upon an Act of Parliament which is directly repugnant to the laws of God. No temporal prince may presume by any law to take upon himself the rule of God's Holy Church, which by the mouth of our Saviour Himself, personally present upon earth, was bestowed upon St. Peter and his successors."

More then demonstrated that the Act of Supremacy was counter to all the laws of England, beginning with Magna Charta, and in fact, violated the king's own coronation oath.

When the court interrupted him to remind him of the many bishops and peers and commons who had accepted the Act of Supremacy, he gently replied, "I do not put any fault unto any man that swore it, nor do I condemn the conscience of any other man. But as for myself, in good faith, my conscience so moves me that I could not accept without the jeopardizing of my soul to perpetual damnation."

And then, in solemn and holy spirit, he forgave those who condemned him. "St. Paul was present and consented to the death of St. Stephen, even holding the cloaks of those who stoned him, yet be they now both twain holy saints in heaven, and shall continue there friends together forever. So I shall pray that though your Lordships have been on earth my judges to my condemnation, we may hereafter in heaven all meet merrily together, to our everlasting salvation." And, humorous even then, he ends by hoping that God will preserve and defend the king, "and send him good counsel."

I do not know if any miracles were ascribed to Thomas More in the process of his canonization; for me it is miracle enough that a halo and a brief case may go together.



## Music for Junior

By GUY LOMBARDO

Tact can win over many a youngster who thinks he doesn't like to play

A S A CHILD I remember my father saying, "It's good to know music, because it is a very light load to carry."

It was a long time before I found out just what he meant. Music is a light load—of pleasure for others and fun for yourself. And that's true whether you are a gifted performer, parlor amateur, or just a listener.

Parents often tell me, "I'd like my child to play an instrument, but he just hates music!" If your child hates music, there may be many good reasons; and many of them can be corrected. I don't think children are born liking music; they must be helped with a little training.

Parents often put off basic musical training for too long. It should start as soon as a child is able to walk! With myself and my brothers and sisters, we can scarcely remember a time when we did not have music lessons. We assumed the routine quite comfortably. To the very young mind, music lessons can seem as inevitable as going to school.

Almost all children reach a stage when they think they hate music. But what they really dislike are the hours of practice and the lessons which rob them of time for other things they would like to be doing. The crucial point seems to come at about 12 or 13, just when the child is emerging into an awareness of himself as a person and begins widening his social contacts.

Some musical training is good for any child, even one who shows no musical aptitude. Knowing how an instrument is played will make it easier to appreciate the fine points of a professional performer. Being able to play a few notes on an instrument is good for the ego, too.

But too many parents insist that their child must show off for strangers and friends. Nothing is more embarrassing to the normal child, and it may easily create a dislike in his mind for all music: he will begin to associate it with personal distress.

Like all professional musicians, I am continually being approached by parents whose children, they think,

are the Horowitzes, Menuhins, and Benny Goodmans of tomorrow. I am asked to listen, advise, help. This is a waste of everyone's time, especially the child's.

If you really think your child is talented, don't bother with the orchestra leaders, concert singers, or musical performers. Go to the people whose business it is to present performers and get bookings for them. A successful audition with such a person can lead to a firm offer of employment. There is no Cinderella story in show business, despite stories you may have read. Any big star has years of experience behind him.

Children should be allowed to choose their own instruments. The parent's part is to start them learning something, and when the child wants to learn something else, it is wise to change. The child will have more will to learn, more excitement and interest, if the choice is his own.

Teachers should be the best you can get in the right field. You always run the risk that your child may learn second-rate methods which will later have to be expensively "unlearned" before he can realize the maximum from what talent he has. The best teacher will accomplish most, even if your child isn't a prodigy.

Investigate teachers first. When you have decided on the teacher, give him a full chance. Six months to a year is needed to show what

the teacher can do with your child. If, then, you cannot see any progress, a change might be wise.

If your child is assessed as hopeless for musical training there are still ways of helping him to develop a liking for music. My rules are simple.

1. Don't force.

2. Make musical training an ear-

ly part of a child's life.

3. Encourage constantly, but never nag. Be as firm about regular practice as about school homework, but don't make practice a chore. If possible, let your child choose his practice time.

4. Leave the teaching to the teacher—no matter how much you know about music.

5. Don't spend too much on buying the first instruments. The child may change his mind, or show so little talent it will be wise to stop his training.

6. Never coax, tease, order him, nor make a public scene to force him to play for others. Merely explain that part of being even an amateur musician is playing in public. Tell him that good manners require him to be polite when asked to play.

7. Be prepared for the inevitable moment of rebellion. Gamble when it occurs. If your child already knows something about music, he can interrupt lessons and practice. After a little vacation, he may realize for himself that music isn't so bad.

8. Your child may never wish to resume. Accept the fact, and give him, through records and concerts, the chance to develop an appreciation of music played by others.

9. Don't overvalue your child's talents. Make music a part of his life; but don't expect it to be his

whole life.

10. If your child is the one in a million who shows exceptional talent at an early age, and if you want him to have the opportunity to

develop it, start with small local appearances. Later, try to arrange an audition with an impresario who is able to help him toward a career.

Whether your child is destined for fame, or will merely give pleasure to less accomplished friends, remember there's a kind of music to suit everyone. By making music an integral part of his life, you will give him a source of lasting enjoyment for all his years.

#### \* \*

#### Way With Words

A FAMOUS ADMIRAL always encouraged his officers to act on their own initiative. One day he received a message from one of the captains in his fleet: "Am lost in fog. Shall I proceed to destination or return to base?"

The admiral replied, "Yes."

Soon after, another message arrived: "Do you mean Yes, I should proceed to destination, or Yes, I should return to base?"

This time the reply was, "No."

Tit-Bits.

...

SIR JAMES BARRIE, who could pour out pages of lovely language in plays like *Peter Pan*, was remarkably silent in private life. Once, at a dinner party, his partner was an attractive but nervous young lady. With the sole-au-gratin, Barrie surprised her by breaking the silence.

"Have you ever been to Egypt?" he asked.

She was too startled to reply at once. After collecting her thoughts and while they waited for the entree, she turned to him. "No," she said.

Barrie made no comment. He went on with his dinner. At the end of the chicken en casserole, curiosity overcame the young woman's awe, and she turned again to Barrie and asked, "Have you?"

Into Barrie's eyes came a faraway expression. "No," he said.

After that they both lapsed into silence for the rest of the meal. Tit-Bits.

Your doctor is learning more and more about more and more medicines

## You and the Wonder Drugs

By Donald G. Cooley
Condensed from Better Homes & Gardens\*



"Two types of patients have been getting under my skin lately. One is the fellow who comes to me with a common cold, and immediately demands a shot of penicillin. The other is the patient who doesn't want me to prescribe penicillin or any other antibiotic for him, no matter how ill he is feeling."

The doctor had touched on a problem that worries physicians all over the U.S. Such attitudes-and they're becoming common-can backfire on family health. Take the case reported by a doctor near Youngstown, Ohio. A little girl had a bad case of tonsillitis. The physician wanted to give an antibiotic to stop infection. The child's mother wouldn't permit it. A neighbor had told her she'd read in a newspaper that the drug was dangerous. The infection reached the mastoid, and required emergency surgery followed by weeks of hospital care.

If that case sounds incredible to you, it's because you're wise enough to leave it up to the doctor to prescribe medicine. But everybody isn't that smart. "Some families pour on so much pressure for an antibiotic," one physician says, "that they act as if I were guilty of malpractice if I won't prescribe a drug for a condition in which I know it to be useless." And there are persons who think that one antibiotic is wonderful and a different one downright poisonous, depending on what one-sided story they've read lately. A famous person such as Harry S. Truman reacts badly to antibiotics; millions of people read about it and wonder what's happening to wonder drugs.

Well, doctors have been learning a lot about antibiotics since the days when penicillin was considered about as harmless as water. They have learned by observing results in the treatment of millions of patients over many years. Now it's important that laymen learn a little

<sup>\*</sup>Meredith Bldg., 1714 Locust St., Des Moines 3, Iowa. March, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Meredith Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

about these revolutionary drugs.

Some of us will live because of them. "Antibiotics account for more than half the prescriptions written in this country," says Dr. Henry S. Welch of the Food and Drug administration. So you're pretty sure to be an antibiotics customer someday, if you haven't been one up to now.

An antibiotic doesn't look like much. It's just a little powder in a capsule, a liquid, or a lozengeless awesome to the eye than grandma's sulfur and molasses. But for thousands of years, certain microbes of the soil have been patiently manufacturing that antibiotic. The antibiotics they make are the oldest kind of germ warfare, weapons against their own microbe enemies. Some of these enemies are man's enemies, too, causing infections. So when you take an antibiotic, you are moving into your body a kind of civil war that has been going on between microbes for ages. The drug chosen by your doctor is a war weapon against specific germs that are making you sick, so that your body can organize its defenses and make you well.

Since you are alive, and germs are alive, and all things that live are continually changing and adapting, the antibiotics story changes, too. Our bodies are battlegrounds in which subtle changes may occur, and we ourselves may be altered in mysterious ways by antibiotics—for that matter, by many other

drugs, by foods, by insect bites, and other unsuspected things.

I'm thinking of one young woman who showed me an identification card she carries in her billfold. She had typed on it in bold capitals: In an emergency do not use penicillin.

She had been given the drug several times for illnesses from which she recovered quickly. The last time, she broke out with hives. "My doctor told me to carry that warning," she explained, "so that other doctors who might not know I had become sensitive to penicillin would not give me any."

Suppose your doctor asked you, "Have you ever taken this drug before? Did you get a skin rash? Hives? Burning? Nausea, digestive upsets? Any other disturbing reactions?" Could you answer such questions about yourself or other members of your family? Probably not, unless you have a superhuman memory. So it's a good idea to keep a record of the potent drugs, not antibiotics alone, prescribed through the years for illnesses in the family. Just a line, with a brief note about unusual aftereffects, if any.

Today, we have the first generation in history that has been exposed to antibiotics practically from the hour of birth, when penicillin eye drops may be given. Our family doctor knows what drugs he has given us. But families grow up, move around, change doctors.

Ninety per cent of the prescrip-

tions filled today could not have been filled 15 years ago because the drugs called for did not exist then. Our "miracle-drug" age is no older than a high-school freshman. Oldtime medicines were generally quite harmless, but, with few exceptions, quite useless, too, except to ease pain, reduce fever, promote comfort.

Perhaps the most important thing to remember about antibiotics is that they are potent and effective. They cure diseases that were quite hopeless a dozen years or so ago. Along with truly marvelous, revolutionary benefits come some disadvantages, though. "If a drug is potent and effective, certain side effects in some patients are to be expected," says Robert A. Hardt, president of the American Pharmaceutical Manufacturers association.

Our doctors know how to control or prevent such side effects and are alert to them. We aren't. So it's rash to reach into the medicine chest for an antibiotic, left over from some old prescription, whenever we have a fever or "feel a cold coming on." Throw out prescription leftovers after they've served their purpose. Empty the contents down the drain so children won't get hold of them.

Most patients, of course, don't have bad reactions to antibiotics, only good ones: that is, they quickly get well.

If and when reactions do occur, the overwhelming majority are more annoying than serious. But some very rare reactions are serious, indeed. They can kill. Dr. Abraham Rosenthal, assistant medical examiner of the borough of Brooklyn, has compiled eight cases of death from what doctors call "anaphylactic shock" caused by penicillin.

But thousands take penicillin continuously, not for months but for years, and even mild reactions are uncommon.

You don't stay out of your garden because you're terrified that a bee will sting you to death. Yet, people have died anaphylactic deaths from bee stings. Their body chemistry has been mysteriously changed by previous exposure to bee venom.

Possibly 100 anaphylactic reactions to penicillin occur each year, an infinitesimal fraction of the millions of patients. However, there were *no* such reactions to penicillin when it was a brand-new drug. Repeated exposures seem necessary to create sensitivities which in extreme form occur in but very few people.

Any antibiotic, and a good many other lifesaving drugs, may create similar sensitivities if used repeatedly in as many millions of patients as penicillin has been.

It would be tragic if such rare disasters, reported in scary headlines, left an impression that antibiotics are something to be shunned. It is much more dangerous *not* to give an indicated antibiotic than to give it. We can leave such decisions to our doctors, for every month, every day, physicians and pharmaceutical firms and chemists are protecting the public, and increasing the effectiveness of antibiotics, in ways that never make the headlines.

Chemists are continually tampering with drug molecules, stripping off atoms or chains of atoms here and there to reduce toxicity or increase effectiveness. Originally, penicillin was a mixture of several penicillins. Each was a little different chemically, and some forms were so ineffective that it was once feared that the drug was losing its punch.

To find out what was "weakening" penicillin, chemists worked ceaselessly to separate pure forms from mixtures containing many forms. Manufacturing processes were changed so that only potent penicillin molecules were made, and the day was saved. This kind of monkeying with drug molecules goes on all the time, to the great benefit of the public.

But the fundamental way of preventing unnecessary reactions is not to give an antibiotic needlessly and uselessly. Certainly, there was some lavish and needless use of antibiotics when these drugs were new. Their benefits and limitations had to be learned by actual use, not in a few patients, but in millions. They were sometimes given

for ordinary colds, and some people think they're still just the thing for a case of sniffles. To take an antibiotic for a common cold (if that's all you have) is like wheeling up a 16-inch cannon to drive a tack in a fence post.

Perhaps you remember a chloromycetin scare story that swept the country a couple of years ago. This valuable antibiotic was charged with causing anemia. A Food and Drug administration's survey of 500-odd cases turned up only 55 in which chloromycetin was the only drug taken, and even then there was no actual proof that the drug actually caused the anemia. Nevertheless, it was recommended that "chloromycetin not be used indiscriminately or for minor infections."

Moreover, the latest survey found a number of other drugs, some of the most widely used, most valuable, lifesaving drugs we have, that were similarly associated with rare blood disorders. These included aureomycin, terramycin, antihistamines, barbiturates (sleeping-pill drugs), sulfa drugs, salicylates, and other coal-tar products for relieving pain and fever. The FDA report emphasizes that it cannot be proved that chloromycetin or many of the other drugs discussed actually caused the blood difficulties that occasionally developed following their use.

It is almost impossible to name any chemical substance that cannot produce toxic reactions in human beings if used to excess. You can be poisoned by too much oxygen (don't try to live without it, either!). Table salt can be toxic to some persons with advanced heart disease. We, the patients, should know what our doctors are well aware of: no antibiotic is completely free of possible side effects; no antibiotic can be singled out as "best" or "most dangerous." There are only antibiotics that are excellent for one patient and useless for another.

No antibiotic destroys every kind of germ that can make us sick. Penicillin controls many of the most common infections, particularly those caused by "strep" germs, but is no good against some others that yield to terramycin, aureomycin, and chloromycetin. These three are more shotguns than they are rifles, hitting a large variety of disease organisms.

Some antibiotics, though of broad range, are uniquely effective against one especially dangerous kind of disease organism. Thus, streptomycin hits some germs that penicillin doesn't, and is so effective against tuberculosis bacilli that the drug is widely used in TB cases. Chloromycetin is the drug used against typhoid fever.

Often we need a change of weapons. Pharmaceutical researchers from time to time add a new gun to the antibiotic arsenal. A relatively new antibiotic, erythromycin, hits pretty much the same germs as penicillin. Why do we need another drug to do penicillin's work? As we have seen, some patients become sensitized to penicillin. Or certain germs become resistant to penicillin, learn to shrug it off. Then a different weapon, erythromycin or another antibiotic, often saves the patient.

I've heard people say, "Doctors don't have to know much any more—they're shotgun artists who inject an antibiotic for everything that comes along." They're wrong. In the old days, it did not matter much whether a doctor knew what germs caused a case of pneumonia, for instance, for he had no drugs that would act specifically against them. Antibiotics have led to better practice of medicine by encouraging doctors to identify the germs they're dealing with so that sharpshooting weapons can be chosen.

It is even possible to tailor-make a drug combination for a particular patient, by measuring the effectiveness of different agents against cultures of the patient's own germs. The combination may be of two antibiotics, each adding to each other's effects. Or, quite often, an antibiotic may be combined with a sulfa drug, the hope being that germs that resist one drug will be wiped out by the other.

Scores of new antibiotics are discovered every year, but most are too toxic for human use. However, new ones that are safe and effective do come along, and they tend to be aimed like bullets rather than buckshot against particular disease organisms. For instance, there's fumagillin, which is completely useless against all bacteria. But it attacks the parasites that cause amoebic dysentery, a disease (which can be fatal) that some public-health authorities believe is amazingly widespread in our country.

Other sharpshooting antibiotics, now under intensive investigation, suggest the shape of drugs to come. There's synnematin, an antibiotic developed by Michigan Health Laboratories that is said to be "terrific" as a cure for typhoid fever. Fungus organisms, the kinds that cause ringworm and athlete's foot and serious internal infections, may yield to antibiotics that aren't perfected yet. One of these is candicidin: another is malucidin. The latter was discovered by Yale university scientists, and thus far has been used only to treat skin ailments of dogs.

Exciting things that are going on in laboratories today are thrilling promises of drugs we may have tomorrow. Puromycin is an antibiotic now being studied intensively by Lederle Laboratories' scientists. It promises to be effective against the parasites that cause African sleeping sickness.

Puromycin is still a laboratory drug, its medical uses unproved. It is not a cancer cure. It may never be. Yet, antibiotics cure diseases by interfering with life processes within the cells of microbes that cause the disease. May they not similarly interfere with the growth processes of cancer cells that have burst out of the body's chemical control? Might some antibiotic-like chemical, yet to be discovered, destroy cancer cells selectively, as present antibiotics selectively destroy germ cells?

Or may not some other soughtfor drug be as effective against viruses, of polio, influenza, colds, as present antibiotics are effective against bacteria?

We don't know, yet. But we do know that in research centers all over the country, there is an army of scientists who simply won't take No for an answer.



#### Gifts of God

When Michelangelo, already well along in years, was discussing life with an old friend, the latter commented, "Yes, after such a good life, it's hard to look death in the eye."

"Not at all!" contradicted Michelangelo. "Since life was such a pleasure, death, coming from the same great Source, cannot displease us."

Temmler Werke



I tapped Mao Tse-tung on the shoulder and told him he was in my way

By WILLIAM STEVENSON Condensed from Look\*

GOT THE SHOCK of my life when I visited Peiping's Winter Palace, the Chinese Kremlin. A drab little character was standing in front of my camera. I tapped him on the shoulder. He turned, and I found myself staring at a large wart on his chin.

It was Mao Tse-tung himself. Once, up in the Canadian bush, I ambled slap into a grizzly. That was how I, first non-communist to reach the heart of Red Chinese power, felt now.

Mao's portraits show black hair puffed over a broad forehead and a sensitive mouth buried in plump cheeks. Close up, there was more of the grizzly about him. His shapeless clothes gave him a shaggy air. His expressionless face seemed to loom over me until he shuffled away with a bearlike tread. Then I saw how small he was.

I remained rooted to the spot, too astonished to explain to the alarmed flunkies why I had tapped Mao. Fortunately, the incident passed without repercussion. It was the high point of my 50-day, 8,000-mile journey around Red China.

Later that week I saw Mao again, at a dinner honoring Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru. Mao plowed through a dish of red peppers with a spoon grasped in one hand while he stole puffs from a cigaret in the other. He looked every bit the son of a peasant. But it required only a glance from him to fill the room with terror.

Mao had paused to permit a young girl to translate a passage from his speech. She stumbled, stopped, started again. Mao, assuming she had finished, plunged ahead. At that moment, the reedy voice of the girl, making her second stab at translation, cut through the room. There was a horrified gasp as the loud-speakers carried the stumbling English of a pigtailed schoolgirl above the voice of the man whose word is law for one fifth of the world's population. A broad smile from Nehru eased the tension.

The incident was typical of the clumsy ineptness of the regime, the result, in part, of prevailing illiteracy and backwardness, but also a prod-

\*488 Madison Ave., New York City 22. March 8, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Cowles Magazines, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

uct of the most ruthless campaign imaginable against Western influence.

Almost every educated non-communist Chinese was killed, jailed, or driven into exile. Out went the missionaries and, with them, the teachers and professors. Purges swept millions before the firing squads. One by one, the sources of knowledge dried up. Russian textbooks, Russian technicians, and Russian traders quickly filled the vacuum.

China is aware that she has suffered, and is suffering, from her reliance on Russia. She still pays out desperately needed food for Soviet Migs, Czech army trucks, and Bulgarian shells. A Peiping official was thoughtfully silent when told we could buy Chinese walnuts in Europe at half the Shanghai price. Acquired by communist Poland in exchange for antiaircraft guns, the walnuts were dumped on the capitalist market for hard currency.

One night, when I was in Shanghai, Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist planes from Formosa swept over. The lights blacked out, and Red antiaircraft guns showered the city with fragments. Yet, throughout the attack, an enormous red star atop the unfinished Russian exhibition building glowered in neon splendor. The Chinese laughed uneasily at my caustic comment. Then one official said, "It's the tallest building in the whole port, higher

even than the former British hotels."

"You let the Russians come here and dominate your city with one of their own exhibitions?" I asked incredulously.

"We paid for it," he replied, then hastily broke away from the obvious retort about to fall from my lips.

Peiping's many new luxury hotels were bursting with "foreign delegations." Sleek limousines were at the disposal of "guests," although a senior member of the Chinese foreign office would come to see me on his bicycle. Banquets were lavish, cocktails endless. Toasts were so frequent that one inexperienced guide gained an entirely new slant on English. I asked him to order tea and toast and butter. The waiter brought the inevitable tea leaves floating in a large glass of hot water. Then he put a plate of butter before me. Finally he uncorked a bottle of wine.

"What's this for?" I asked.

"The toast," replied my young companion.

I was supplied with a limousine for my visit to a Peiping prison. Most prisoners were former members of Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang party. You expect to cause a stir when you drop into a jail, particularly if it is in North China. But not one of the prisoners raised his eyes.

They had good cause. Many were serving life sentences. They worked

in weaving sheds, at huge caldrons of steaming dyes. The products of their toil were millions of garishly colored socks. If they broke the astronomical production targets, they stood a chance of shortening their jail terms. The faster they shuttled between the machines, the sooner they improved the daily diet of vegetables, millet, and one-third ounce of edible oils. That was all they were paid. Even a second wasted in a glance at a stranger might lower output and menace the seasonal bonus of meat. Those shuttling the fastest were under death sentence. But no gun would bark as long as more socks spun off the assembly lines beyond the required speed. Now I knew the origin of the gaudy socks worn by almost all Chinese.

One day, I flew in a Russian airliner to Manchuria. On Chinese planes, the crews had insisted we use seat belts. The Russians not only flew with such careless abandon that we bounced all the way down the Mukden airstrip but they provided no belts. I complained. My official guide took a deep breath, then said, straight-faced, "But don't you know? Russian planes never crash."

Manchuria would flatten anyone's spirit. I was not surprised to learn that it swarmed with Russians.

I asked a Fushun miner what the Russians had done with all the machinery they carted away between 1945 and 1948. "I don't remember anything about that," he replied. "I've been re-educated since then."

Russia promised to build 140 factories for China, and there are thousands of technicians in charge. Blockhouses with white numbers painted on their walls rose like gray tombstones around the steel cities, monuments to the death of the human spirit. Girls worked control panels in the Russian showpiece mills at Anshan, where seamless steel tubing rolled off remotecontrol assembly lines. Nobody seemed to mind that the freight trains were labeled Omsk, Tomsk, or Vladivostok. What mattered was production.

One girl told me she had no time to think of marriage. She was too busy studying "political questions" and the best way to speed output. If she ever married and had children, she would not quit, because her factory was kind enough to provide nurseries and time to feed the babies. "And after 14 months," she added, "a child must learn to look after itself. Then I can leave it in the dormitory kindergarten. I won't have to see it except on week ends."

An incident in Shanghai epitomized my stay in China. I was roaming through the cavernous halls of the famed Great World theater center. Amid a cheerful uproar, several Chinese operas, plays, jugglers, and other side shows vied

for attention. The hawkers of watermelon seed, the guttering candles, the hubbub of the audiences, and the twanging music blotted out communism. It was only when I went backstage that I saw the naked reality behind the Bamboo Curtain.

There was a blackboard in a corner, covered with chalked words. Faces froze as the guide squared his shoulders and explained: "This is—well, an essay. It is called, 'Who are my friends and who are my enemies?'"

It was, in fact, an actor's confession. He had uttered some criti-

cism of the government. The communist cell in the theater called a discussion meeting. His fellow thespians recited his weaknesses and sins. Now, it was all there on the blackboard, retold by the miserable wretch himself.

"I know I have been a burden on others," he had written. "I have not had the right attitude. I have forgotten the great debt we owe to Chairman Mao. I have failed to live up to the teachings of our great and glorious comrades in the Soviet Union..."

I left China more in pity than hate.

## How Your Church Can Raise Money



In Wisner, Neb., a Hampshire purebred sow has raised, so far, \$1,-172.50 for the parish school.

George McGuire and Sons of Wisner own some of the country's best

Hampshires. A year ago, it occurred to Mr. McGuire that perhaps one of his sows could be used as a means of raising money for the new school so badly needed in the parish. He selected his best gilt and named her Miss Mortgage Lifter.

In the spring of 1954, Miss Mortgage Lifter raised ten pigs, seven gilts and three boars. Last fall, the boars were sold for \$445, and the money placed in the school fund. The seven gilts were bred and lent out to other farmers in the parish. The gilts from these litters will be placed with other farmers, etc. All boars are sold for the parish fund.

Miss Mortgage Lifter, meanwhile, has produced another litter of seven boars and one gilt. The boars were sold for an additional \$727.50. Total, so far, \$1,172.50 from Miss Mortgage Lifter, and with her progeny of three years working for the fund, next year should bring in a tremendous increase in revenue.

George Petzel.

[Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned—Ed.]

## You Change With the Weather



You'll buy more just after a storm, unless you use your will power

By COLIN PETERS

Condensed from the Town Journal\*

gray winter days and perky in the spring? Most people do, and it isn't just imagination. There are solid reasons why heat and cold, wind and rain and storm directly affect how we feel and act. And you can put the knowledge to practical use.

It's a complicated story of physical stresses that determine the amount of water in our tissues, how much oxygen and sugar reaches our brain. But even without completely understanding the whole process, you can forecast your moods from the weather.

Will tomorrow be warm and humid? Then look out for traffic accidents and family quarrels; your mental alertness and physical control will both be low.

Is it cold and windy? Good, the weather's fine for brainwork.

Are you a salesman? Then plan important calls for the hours just after a storm; buyers are more receptive when the barometer is rising. These are just some of the findings of such "medical climatologists" as the late Ellsworth Huntington, of Yale; Prof. Clarence A. Mills, of the University of Cincinnati's Division of Experimental Medicine; and the late Dr. William F. Peterson, of St. Luke's hospital in Chicago.

When it's hot, for instance, your blood circulates nearer the surface to throw off excess heat, and literally gets "thinner" to speed its cooling flow. As a result, your internal organs get less blood to help them fight off infection or digest meals. And that, rather than picnic excesses, explains most summer stomache upsets. Overeating at Christmas, by contrast, brings only mild discomfort: because cold drives blood inside to avoid overcooling the body.

All your internal organs get more protection in cold weather; organs in contact with the air are the least protected in winter, accounting for head colds and muscle chills.

\*230 W. Washington Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. February, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Farm Journal, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

By putting extra strain on the body, heat and cold also affect our emotions. As we use energy to heat or cool ourselves we drain fuel away from the brain, which needs 25% of our total sugar and oxygen intake to function properly. The result? Professor Huntington found that people passed civil-service tests at a rate of 75% and 73% in April and November, but at a rate of only 58% in August heat. Dr. Mills found that mice living at 65° zipped through a maze in only 12 tries while mice who lived in a room 11° warmer needed 28 tries. And mice living in tropical heat never did get to the food reward at the end. They gave up halfway!

Moderate cold is mentally stimulating. Heat, on the other hand, since we can control it less effectively by changing our environment or clothing, is always troublesome. Thus July, the hottest month, is notoriously high for family quarrels. July also marks the peak in riots and crimes of violence. So, when it's really hot, work harder to control your temper and have patience with the outbursts of others.

Storms play havoc with us. All the reasons why haven't yet been discovered. But reduced pressure of the atmosphere on us increases the amount of water in our tissues and may also slow circulation of blood carrying fuel to the brain. Whatever the reason, a falling barometer before a storm always puts hospitals on the alert, for more sick people then take a turn for the worse, more unbalanced people become violent, more women nearing term go into labor, and more appendicitis attacks develop.

Children become unruly and adults are edgy when a storm threatens. There are more accidents, more insomnia, more fainting, more suicide, and more drunkenness. Both alcohol and drugs are more potent then (and when it's unusually hot). People are more forgetful (more items end up in lost-and-found offices) on stormy days.

Fortunately, there are compensations—when the storm is over. Cooler air and rising atmospheric pressure are the best combination for creative mental work. The hours after a storm are also best, believe it or not, for patching up quarrels and for sales: for people and goods actually look better to us then.

Rain promotes physical health. Dr. Huntington found repeatedly that a jump of say 6% in average humidity in New York City brought a 6% decrease in death rates. Our systems then function normally with least effort.

By contrast, drought brings considerable strain. Denver schools reported a fivefold increase in discipline problems in one test period when humidity fell below 45%. Add wind and heat to dryness and the number of murders can jump—as high as 400%. Generally, rain

tends to cool the atmosphere and to ease physical functioning.

In forecasting your moods, remember that it is never just cold. It's cold and dry, or cold and wet, or cold and dry and windy. Weather influences you, therefore, as a combination of various effects, modified by the climate to which you may be accustomed. Heat will affect a Texan less than a New Englander.

All around, you'll do your best work on a dull, damp, raw day—if such weather doesn't last too long. For our systems must have change. Yet that change cannot be sudden nor extreme: that is the

worst thing possible in the delicate "tuning" of our mental and physical systems to the weather.

Here's what to watch for: Good: Spring and fall, cold, humidity, rising barometer. Bad: Summer and winter, heat, wind, dryness, falling barometer. Physical effects are most influenced by atmospheric pressure, degree of humidity, and the particular season. Mental states are most influenced by heat, cold, and wind.

Ideal outdoor weather is 64° of temperature and 65% humidity; indoors, in northern U.S., ideal is 72° and 25%-35% humidity in winter, 78° and 50% in summer.

#### Answers to How Smart Are You?

(Questions on page 96)

A: 21 boxes

B: Matthew, Mark, Luke, John.

C: tariff: duties imposed by a government on imports.

cold war: strained relations between two nations, short of war.

filibuster: long, continuous speechmaking in a legislative body, intended to prevent passage of a bill or measure.

monopoly: exclusive control of a commodity or service in any given market.

D: bipartisan foreign policy: a foreign policy agreed upon by both political parties.

electoral college: the body of electors chosen by the voters of the several states to elect the President and vice president of the U.S. welfare state: a state that by legislation directly assumes a major share of responsibility for the social welfare of its citizens. (Carried to its fullest extent, such legislation would represent pure Socialism.)

Hoover Commission Reports: the findings and recommendations of a commission headed by Herbert Hoover, appointed to examine the structure and practices of government agencies.

reciprocal-trade agreement: an arrangement between two countries to facilitate trade, such as lowering of tariffs.

# Mme. Khruscher Visits Home

By NESTOR RZEPECKI

Condensed from Pace\*

Wasyliw in the Polish Ukraine. During the 1st World War, its inhabitants were temporarily evacuated to Russia. After the war, they came back, all save one, a girl who met and married a certain Nikita Khruschev in Russia.

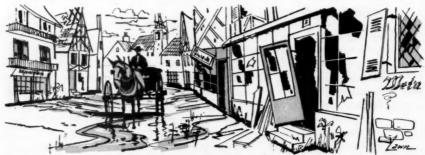
Nikita was a coming man. In the 30's he became the Red boss of the Ukraine. One day he would become head of the Communist party of all Russia.

But it was in 1939 that Madame Khruschev came back to her native village. She caused a sensation, this poor village girl who had become the first lady of the Ukraine. She wished to speak to the villagers.

Hitler and Stalin had just di-

vided Poland between them, she said. Unfortunately, Wasyliw, even though it was Ukrainian, was to be handed over to the Germans. But because she was the wife of Khruschev, and a native of Wasyliw, she had been able to secure a unique favor. The whole village could move to the Red Ukraine, a wonderland where everyone would be happy. She promised the villagers everything—trucks, army assistance, anything, if they would only go with her. And why shouldn't they?

The villagers were proud of their first lady. The peasants packed all they could on the Russian trucks, placed their children and wives on top of their belongings, and trekked



\*Adelaide St., P.O. Box 446, Toronto, Ont., Canada. January-February, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the New Times Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

alongside with their cows and horses to their new homeland. Only three out of the 125 families in the town stayed there that September.

I saw Wasyliw that December. I will never forget the deserted village. Doors were hanging on their hinges, windows broken; small clean houses looked as though they had been hit by a tornado. Hunger-crazed chickens screeched up and down the street. Dead dogs and cats were lying here and there.

At the end of the village, some peasants were gathered around a house with a broken window. I stepped closer. An old man was kneeling, kissing the hard stone steps. He was crying, talking in a voice shaking with emotion.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"He was the communist leader of our village," a man whispered. "He went to Russia with his wife and children in September. He just came back, alone."

The old man stood up. His eyes were blank. He turned to the villagers, and cried out, "Kill me! Kill me, brothers!" No one said a word.

He twisted his strands of gray hair, and fell moaning to the ground.

"God!" he cried, "Oh, God! Why did I find You so late? I found You, but I lost my wife, my children."

I couldn't watch the scene any longer. I walked down the road with the man who had spoken to me.

He told me what had happened. The villagers had been sent to a camp near Wolodymyr. No one was there to help them. Cold and hunger came after only a few weeks. Children died every day for lack of medicine. The peasants began to demand fulfillment of the promises. The NKVD took away the spokesmen. Peasants were beaten. Many died.

Only six persons returned to Wasyliw out of the 122 families who had gone to Russia. Two of the six were insane; one killed himself in his own home.

I don't know whether Madame Khruschev would care to recall this incident today, now that she is first lady of communism.



#### Answering the Question

When President Jefferson Davis asked Gen. Robert E. Lee for his opinion of a fellow officer, Lee spoke of the man in the highest terms. This greatly astonished another officer, who said to Lee afterward, "General, don't you know that that man is one of your bitterest enemies and that he misses no opportunity to malign you?"

"Yes," replied General Lee, "but the President asked for my opinion of him; he did not ask for his opinion of me."

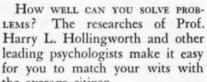
Sunshine (June '54).

### How Smart Are You?

By JOHN E. GIBSON

Condensed from the American Weekly\*

ow smart are you? That is, how well are you able to adjust to all the various problems and situations of everyday life? How, in general, do your abilities stack up with those of the average person?



the average citizen.

Professor Hollingworth and his colleagues studied a group of 93,000 draftees, all of whom had been given a variety of intelligence tests. The draftees were carefully selected to provide a representative cross section of the population. Analysis of the data obtained shows that if you can solve the following problem, you are definitely above average-for the typical American can't do it.

A. A large box contains four smaller boxes, and inside of each of these four are four still smaller boxes. How many boxes are there?

(The quicker you arrive at the correct answer, the farther above



Test vourself and find out

average you can rate yourself. A minute or under is pretty good time. And do the problem in your head.)

How WELL INFORMED ARE YOU? Here are three more sets of questions with which to compare your knowledge of the Bible, national politics, and world affairs against the average obtained in various surveys:

B. Name the first four books of the New Testament.

(For centuries the Bible has been the world's best seller, more widely read and more frequently quoted than any other book. Yet the odds are that you know less about it than you'd care to admit. At least, that's the way with most people. If you can name all four books, you have a far better knowledge of

\*63 Vesey St., New York City 7. Feb. 13, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Hearst Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

the Bible than most Americans have. In a nation-wide Gallup poll, only one person out of three could name all four; and over half of the people questioned were unable to name *any* of them.)

C. Give the meaning of the following:

1. tariff; 2. cold war; 3. filibuster; 4. monopoly.

(A national survey has shown that if you don't know the meanings of the four terms listed above, you aren't as well informed as most people are. Well over 50% of the American people can tell you precisely what those terms mean.)

D. What is meant by the following phrases:

bipartisan foreign policy

(Only one man in four knows what this means.)
electoral college

(Only one-third of the people can identify this.)

welfare state

(Only one-third of the people can define this

#### Hoover Commission Reports

(Less than one person out of three understands this.)

reciprocal-trade agreement

(More than two-thirds of the people missed this.)

WHAT KIND OF A PERSON ARE YOU, FUNDAMENTALLY? Here are questions to help you to rate yourself in qualities such as temper, memory, happiness, and resistance to boredom. Judge yourself by the national average.

How often do you "blow your

top"? Psychological surveys conducted at two leading universities on hundreds of men and women students show that the average man gets mad once almost every day. He "blows his top" about nothing six times in every seven days. The women, however, average only half as many temper outbursts. So if you're a man and you don't get hot under the collar more than once a day, that's par.

But if you're a woman you've got twice as low an average to beat. Women have been shown by other studies to be more subject to minor irritations than men are. But their tempers don't reach the boiling

point as frequently.

How's your "boredom resistance"? You can easily judge this for yourself. Psychologists estimate that most people spend at least onethird of their time being bored. That's because most people spend about half of their waking hours working-and wide-scale surveys show that over 40% of the people regard their jobs as uninteresting. What's more, psychological studies show that people are even more likely to be bored by their amusements than by their work. For work, even if not very interesting, is motivated by a far stronger incentive and purpose: keeping the wolf away from the door.

So, if the routine of your life seems tedious and boring *less* than one-third of the time, you're undoubtedly leading a more interesting life than the average person. Some people, of course, are more susceptible to boredom than others. Some are almost never bored, while others need constant outside excitement.

Try this test devised by University of California psychologists and tried out on hundreds of people. Take a piece of paper and a pencil and start drawing "moon faces" (circles containing three dots) until you are too bored to continue.

In the university tests the average adult drew "moon faces" for 17 minutes before he became so bored that he threw down his pencil. The study showed that a child gets bored about twice as quickly as an adult does. The average child given the "moon face" test gave it up in nine minutes.

Test your memory. There are scores of things connected with everyday living that are important

to remember.

For example, can you remember the license number of your car? How you answer this question provides a rough index to your abilities in this department. If you answer with a ready Yes, you can rate yourself appreciably above average, for two people out of three cannot.

In a nation-wide survey, only 32% definitely knew their license number; 20% weren't quite sure; and 48% frankly didn't remember

at all.

Do you consider yourself happy? In a nation-wide survey, conducted by a leading public-opinion research organization, 43% of the citizens rated themselves as "very happy"; 44% said they were only "fairly happy"; and 12% were "not happy." One per cent simply could not make up their minds!

(For answers not given in the text above, turn to page 93.)

#### The Reason Why

Six-year-old Jackie Smith's parents were dumbfounded. Jackie's First Communion was still months away, but Jackie claimed that he had already gone to Confession. His 1st-grade teacher at St. Mary's, Sister Elizetta, said that he hadn't been taught how to confess, yet there was no reason to disbelieve him. The little fellow insisted that he was telling the truth. "Father gave me three Hail Marys for penance," Jackie said.

Then, on Sunday morning, before anyone could stop him, Jackie slipped up to the altar rail and received Holy Communion. Why did he do it? "I don't

know," he said after Mass. "I just did."

The answer came in a few days. Jackie Smith was killed in an automobile accident.

Fred W. Fries in the *Indiana Catholic and Record* (18 March '55).



Chiang's grandsons celebrate a birthday in his villa on Formosa.

## Chiang Kai-shek's Family

shek is known the world over as the president of the Republic of China; and Madame Chiang is a familiar figure to most

Americans. But the other members of the Chiang family have seldom been photographed.

Chiang married Soong Mei-ling in 1927. He has two sons by a pre-





Madame Chiang is an enthusiastic artist. Her paintings, signed Mei-ling, enhance the simple design of the villa's furnishings.

vious marriage, and several grandchildren. Madame Chiang received most of her education in the U.S., was graduated with honors from Wellesley college, and has written a book, *This Is Our China*. She is 55 years old; her distinguished husband is 67.

So long as Chiang and his Chinese Nationalist forces remain on Formosa, they are a burr in the side of Asiatic communism. A U.S. mili-

As the president's wife, she must inspect orphanages. She particularly enjoys this duty.

Like most grandmothers, Madame Chiang enjoys baby-sitting.

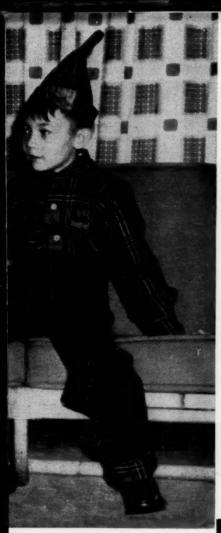


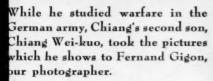


In Formosa, as in Omaha, small boys know all about cowboys. Chiang's grandsons break in their new cowboy boots and jeans during the birthday celebration.

tary mission has trained Chiang's 350,000 ground troops for the last four years. During those four years the U.S. has given Chiang about \$1.5 billion in arms, including 75 F-86 Sabrejets and some 180 F-84 Thunderjets.

Chou En-lai's freighters must give Formosa a wide berth when they haul goods from one Chinese port to another. Chou En-lai does not like this. He has stated, with considerable emphasis, that he intends to "liberate" Formosa soon.





Whether or not he succeeds may well depend on the man who dominates these photographs.



Behind the president stands his eldest son, Chiang Tching-kuo.





It's a Chinese custom to end an interview on a humorous note.

### This They Believe?

Some of Mr. Murrow's contributors believe in man, some in youth, and one in the color of the artichoke

By RALPH L. WOODS

Condensed from Columbia\*

DWARD R. MURROW'S This I Believe radio program is now (April, 1955) being broadcast 2,700 separate times each week in the U.S., 1,600 times weekly abroad, and over the Voice of America in six languages. Eighty-five leading daily newspapers in the U.S., with circulations totaling 8½ million, feature portions of its book form weekly.

Our State department offers it to papers in 97 foreign countries. It is being regularly used in hundreds of schools and classrooms.

It is a collection of personal philosophies by at least relatively well-known people.

Mr. Murrow has brought out two books of these personal philosophies.

I have just finished reading both. My astonishment at the program's success is now mixed with puzzlement. I don't know yet specifically what most of these people believe, but it is quite clear that some don't believe in anything except their material or artistic achievements,

which they relate with understandable pride.

In analyzing the 100 "personal philosophies" in the first book, I find that: 45 make neither direct nor indirect reference to God; 44 mention God in a way indicating their belief in Him; six refer to "the Almighty," "supreme Being," "Source outside ourselves," and "The Boss," all of which obviously mean God; four mention the name of Jesus, but none of these say they believe in his divinity.

Of the 50 who write that they believe in God or a supreme Power, 31 show they believe in a personal God, one who watches over us and to whom we can pray. Two state that God is "impersonal." Fifteen simply say only that they believe in God. Three of these add that they believe man's soul will live forever. Two speak of a "source outside ourselves," and one of these believes that we can "tap" this source.

In other words, fewer than onethird of the contributors Mr. Mur-

\*Columbus Plaza, New Haven 7, Conn. April, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Knights of Columbus, and reprinted with permission.

row selected for his first volume reveal that they believe in a personal God. None of them affirm the divinity of Jesus Christ, though there is some evidence that at least a few do believe in it.

In his foreword to the second *This I Believe*, Mr. Murrow mentions that the "main objective" of the series is "to point to the common meeting ground of faith, which is the essence of brotherhood, and which in a sense provides the floor of our civilization."

Mr. Murrow does not say what this "common meeting ground of faith" is. The closest I can come to one in the book is the less than one-third who declare their belief in a personal God. But in Murrow's book this is an *uncommon* meeting ground.

Even more interesting, although difficult to break down, classify, or summarize, are the beliefs of the other 50 contributors who fail to say that they believe in some kind of God. These last confine themselves to general discussion of world or national conditions or relate some presumably significant episodes of their lives. For instance, one man tells about a dear friend who used to bring a special kind of cookies to his home, how much people liked them, and the impress this friend left upon his world. An industrialist relates that he applied the Golden Rule to his business.

A famous American woman is not so sure about anything. A

woman writer tells about her sinus condition, and how psychoanalysis helped her to face herself. A vocational specialist believes that every person has a special talent and should use it. A musician sees spiritual significance in the color combinations an artist obtained from studying artichokes every morning in the garden. A poet wishes he could believe. A novelist is apparently quite happy about everything.

Among those who are slightly more specific about their beliefs are: a famous novelist who believes man has an Inner Light; another great author who believes that "the very soul of existence" is in "the perishableness of life"; another well-known writer who feels only the need for faith in human beings.

One politician believes in the "American dream," and a U.S. senator says he believes in brother-hood, kindliness, sympathy, and human decency.

A psychologist stands on the Golden Rule, another one looks chiefly to Socrates and the search for truth, and a psychiatrist asserts that our purpose is to live and mature.

A number of these "thoughtful" persons confine their personal credo to people, man, and human nature. For example, a college president goes all out for "unadulterated humanity"; a woman publisher finds that humans are cooperative; a newspaper man has a profound faith in people; one anthropologist

tells of her discovery of human nature, and another believes that human beings should be treated as such.

It is reassuring to find that no one in Mr. Murrow's book hates mankind, but it is a bit surprising that so many prominent men and women apparently believe only in man. A publicly active woman believes in the dignity of man; an athletic coach in youth; a foreign correspondent in people, justice and knowledge; a college dean that no man is an island; a newspaper editor that man is his own heaven and hell; a magazine editor that mankind has a great future.

A few other of these "beliefs" are rather curious. A Catholic labor leader asserts that "more than anything in the world I believe in liberty." He then expands this theme along strictly secular and material lines. It's quite eloquent but unrevealing. A business leader believes in his "law of the heart"-that human relations should be dominated by emotional maturity. He calls this his "humanistic philosophy of life." Thomas Jefferson, history, and America constitute the belief of a historian, and a musician tells how glad he is that he gave up business and the pursuit of profits for music. One industrialist relates that late in life he discovered the key to happiness in the biblical "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat thy bread."

It is to be expected that some of

the "beliefs" should be difficult to understand. One of these is that of an advertising executive who does believe in a supreme Being who planned and runs this world. But this man denies any afterlife. He says we get our rewards and punishments on earth, that "the life and the reward—the life and the punishment—are one." The man appears to be saying that those who are poor, persecuted, and suffering deserve it.

I would guess that the program's success is due primarily to the fact that all of the statements seem to be made by pleasant, polite men and women of good will, generally high ideals, generous instincts, and quick sympathies. There are a few mildly scornful remarks about religion and churches, but there is nothing malicious nor vicious. None of the statements are narrow in the sense of being frankly bigoted. But most of them are shallow.

Only a mere handful appear to have any idea why man is on earth or what happens to him after death. In fact, the word *death* is rarely mentioned.

The superficial nature of many of the statements of belief may very well stem from the rules a guest on the program is required to observe. The guest is limited to 600 words, very little space in which to accomplish the difficult task of giving one's personal beliefs.

Mr. Murrow recognizes the fact that his rules constitute a limitation. But he considers it desirable, because it prevents the program from developing into "an affirmation of doctrines, and a kind of juxtaposition of doctrines." Yet, doctrines are simply articles of belief held by a person, a sect, or a school, and the program's title is This I Believe. Even in the case of those who belong to no church you run into doctrine, the doctrine of the complete secularist, the irreligious, the antireligious, the agnostic, and the atheist. Such doctrine can be as militant as that of any churchgoer.

In reading the biographical notes on the contributors to the first volume, I find only one graduate of a Catholic college. The percentage of Catholics is no more than 10%. They include a taxi driver, an actor, a baseball umpire, a sports writ-

er, an author, a tugboat captain.

Mr. Murrow believes that the program provides material for an "interesting social study. If anyone cares to analyze this generation, so as to arrive at an appraisal of it in relation to the civilization for which it is responsible, he will find in these beliefs some valid and unique data."

This *I* believe: Mr. Murrow's "interesting social study" presents a disturbing revelation of the bent of mind of many people in positions of power and influence, of people known as "opinion molders" to the professional propagandists.

Finally, I believe that Mr. Murrow's project has a negative value: those in search of truly religious inspiration, eternal truths, and supernatural faith will turn from it to more solid fare.





Pussy willows holding up their beads to be blessed. Eddie Doherty

Street lights blooming on slender stems.

Virginia Brazier

A ripple in the water bringing a star to shore. Robert Gibbings

A lighted ship pinned to the horizon.

Dorothy Black

Mom's lunch-pail kiss.

Wilma Collins

A snore like a slow leak.

Herbert V. Prochnow

Flies playing geometry on the ceiling. Rose Schweitzer

Conversations as empty as a popover. Howard Kramer

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

## The Red-Army Deserters

Only one in 30 gets away

By CLAUDE H. DEWHURST Condensed from "Close Contact"\*

Brigadier Dewhurst was chief of the British mission to Soviet forces in Eastern Germany from 1951 to 1953.

HY DON'T more Russian soldiers desert? Of the hundreds of refugees who flee to the West every year, only a handful are members of the Red army. Why? There are several reasons. The chief one is that the men in the Kremlin take every precaution to see that soldiers don't desert.

Soviet troops arriving in Germany are kept confined to their barracks for several months. Often they don't even know what country they're in. And it's dangerous to ask, for the answer is likely to be, "Why do you want to know? You are where you are for the purpose of training, and not to learn geography."

All this makes it very difficult if you are a Russian soldier and you want to escape. Even if you succeed in getting around the guards, sentries, and patrols, you won't know exactly which way to go. Of course, you might ask a native for

directions, but that would be fraternizing. Fraternizing is not actually forbidden, but it is frowned upon, and if you do it, little notes are likely to be jotted down in little black books. Then, perhaps months later, the MVD hauls you in for an explanation.

You can buy a map, if you have the money, but if you should try it, the storekeeper will question you about what you want it for before he sells it to you. What you tell him will be reported to your superiors, if not to the MVP.

But suppose for a moment that you are not a soldier, but an airman. Aren't your chances of escape pretty good? If you are an airman you cannot possibly buy a map at all, and without one, you can hardly expect to locate a friendly territory to land in.

Besides, the Soviet pilot is the best "screened" of all those in Russian state employ, except, of course, for traveling diplomats and representatives. The background, not only of the flier himself, but of his parents and his parents' parents, is microscopically examined.

\*Copyright 1954 by Claude H. Dewhurst, and reprinted with permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. 173 pp. \$4.

The Soviet high command has not yet issued jet aircraft to the satellite air forces, even though the Poles and Germans are by far the best pilots of Eastern Europe. The East German air force is being trained at airfields in the extreme southeast corner of the Soviet zone. as far as possible from the Western frontier. Pilots are issued only enough fuel for the precise training flight required by the day's program. And in their obsolete, pistontype planes, they can easily be overtaken by the Russian jets that are always in the air to keep an eye on them.

Another simple reason that the Russian soldier does not desert is that he has very little time for himself. His working day starts at 5:30 A.M., with physical training before breakfast, and it continues for about 13 hours. By the time he crawls into his bunk, he is physically and mentally exhausted. He simply hasn't the energy for planning an escape.

The Red masters use more than negative means to keep Russian soldiers in the Red army. As life behind the Iron Curtain goes, the army is not too bad a profession. Although a conscripted private in East Germany, for instance, gets only about 32 East Marks a month (it takes about four East Marks to make one West Mark), he receives many benefits not open to the average Soviet citizen.

He is taught to read and write.

He gets good medical care and good food, and eventually becomes tough and strong. He is given a good pair of leather boots and a durable uniform. If he can dance or sing, or perform well at sports, he gets plenty of encouragement.

He has no need to think, and little occasion to worry. All his personal papers are taken from him when he first reports for duty, and the army manages his life thereafter. If his family back home runs short of food or gets into trouble, a Soviet soldier can see his unit political commissar. If the commissar decides that he is a good soldier, he will see to it that the matter is straightened out. As for his personal freedom, well, no one is free in Russia these days.

If a soldier can qualify as a noncommissioned officer, and if he agrees to sign on after his conscription term is over, he can get ten times his pay as a conscript. Moreover, a commissioned officer gets from 40 to 80 times that sum, and a major-general gets 170 times the pay of a private!

So the officer has even less temptation to desert than the ordinary soldier. Besides the much larger pay already mentioned, he can usually have his wife and family living with him, in quite good quarters allotted by the army. He gets the use of an excellent club, usually the best building in town. His club provides reading rooms, billiard rooms, and a restaurant.

He has the right to shop at special "officers' stores," where prices are much lower than the market.

Perhaps most important of all, he is permitted to walk about by himself. (Soldiers must go in threes, one of whom is a "security reliable," usually a member of the MVD.) He can also fraternize with the local population, and he gets from three to six weeks' leave a year. Last of all, he will have listened for many hours to vivid accounts of what will happen to him if he does desert to the "Western imperialists." Phony witnesses are produced to tell about how it felt being tortured by British and American intelligence agents.

Yet, despite all precautions taken by Soviet authorities, a few Red soldiers do desert. A major, who escaped to West Berlin in March, 1953, told me that about 30 officers attempted to desert each month. Of those, on the average, only one was successful. The others were betrayed or caught, and shot.

A Russian soldier who deserted from the Russian war memorial in the British sector of Berlin told me that if he did decide to go back, they would postpone shooting him. He would first have to make a propaganda-lecture tour of Redarmy units describing his "experiences." He himself, he said, had listened to many such lectures.

Soviet authorities become frantic whenever a soldier deserts. The desertion of even one private can put his commanding officer in a rage: the loss of face in the eyes of the West upsets him far more than what the Soviet soldier might tell us of life in the Red army.

Once I had to handle the case of a Soviet soldier who had shot his way to freedom in West Germany by killing his sergeant en route. General Chuikov, the Russian area commander, sent for me, and demanded immediate return of the deserter.

When I told him that we were thinking of granting his man political asylum, he became furious. "What? Do the Allies mean to protect a common murderer? You must hand him back at once!"

After much heart searching, we finally turned the man back to the Russians. I think we were right in doing it, but I hated to think of the reception that awaited him. I wondered if he would be sent on a lecture tour before being shot.

What can we do to induce Soviet soldiers to desert? As you see, it's not easy. They can have no private radios. There is plenty of radio in the barracks, but the programs are chosen by the senior MVD official. As for getting written propagånda into the barracks, the Soviet staff are dead scared of it. They even have planes on constant patrol to spot any Allied plane which might stray from the air corridors leading into Berlin "for the purpose of dropping illicit propaganda."

The West Germans do manage

to get some of their skit magazines into the barracks, and I hear that they are passed around. Yet, they seem to have had no great effect. After all, a few minutes of clandestine reading can hardly be expected to offset the daily indoctrination arranged by Russian authorities for the average soldier. I once figured out that the average Red soldier receives about 1,000 hours' indoctrination a year by direct teaching.

Still, I often wonder if we do not overestimate the power of Red propaganda over natural free will. Think of the thousands of hours given to the praises of Stalin, and the god-like buildup accorded him over so many years! When he died, no Russian seemed to worry. I was touring in the Eastern zone a day or two after his death. Red-army training was proceeding normally; no one looked unhappy.

Though the Russian soldier shows little desire to desert in peacetime, I believe the situation would change radically if war should come. See what happened when Germany invaded Russia in the 2nd World War. Then, mass desertions took place, such as those

of General Vlassov's forces, and enough individual desertions to require the MVD to form special "preventive sections." Those squads shot down their own soldiers who fled from the Germans. In the end, they hanged them openly, so that passing reinforcements would see how desertion was punished.

Whole populations were deported, and heard from no more. Thus disappeared the Autonomous Republic of the Germans of the Volga, the Tartar population of the Crimean Autonomous Republic, the Chechens, Ingushes, Balkars, and Karachins. They had helped the Germans in some way.

Strangely, German military policy was not to encourage desertion, nor to rehabilitate those who helped them. Instead, the Germans behaved most cruelly, rather than as true liberators, and thus lost many opportunities of winning over local populations.

Our lesson is to treat the Soviet people as possible allies against their Red masters. Then, should war come, we may find the Russian soldier quite willing to desert after all.



A PLAIN BAR of iron is worth \$5. This same bar when made into horseshoes is worth \$10.50. If made into needles it is worth \$4,285. If turned into balance wheels for watches it becomes worth \$250,000. This is true of another kind of material: you. Your value is determined by what you make of yourself.

James M. Hughes in You (Nov. '54).

#### Message From The Chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany HIS EXCELLENCY KONRAD ADENAUER to THE CATHOLIC DIGEST



E CELEBRATE this month the feast day of St. Boniface, "the apostle of the Germans." Because of the traditional association of this Benedictine monk with my country, I think this an appropriate occasion to send you and your readers my greetings.

In the 8th century, St. Boniface brought Christianity to many parts of Germany. As his spirit lives on today, so are many of his works still with us, among them the Bishopric of Regensburg and the monasteries of Fritzlar and Fulda. St. Boniface was papal legate for Germany before he died a martyr in 754.

The concept of Christian love, as preached by St. Boniface, was again revealed to many men and women in Germany by you, the American people, in the years following 1945. For many Germans, the warmhearted support which you gave us meant the difference between life and death and for many more it brought assurance that the future was not without hope. This is a debt of gratitude which the German people will never forget.

There are 18 million of our countrymen, however, who are not only denied their fundamental rights as human beings, but who are forced to live under a system which recognizes no such thing as Christian love. I refer to our brothers and sisters in the Soviet zone of Germany. To restore to them their human rights in peace and freedom is the highest aim of the German people.

The Federal Republic today stands side by side in partnership with the other peoples of the free world in the firm conviction that only in this way can we preserve our common Christian heritage and realize our common aims.

KONRAD ADENAUER.



## Tie Your Vacation to a Hobby

Otherwise, you may find that you would just as soon come back home after three or four days

By PETER J. CELLIERS
Condensed from the Town Journal\*

F YOU ARE TYPICAL of the 72 million Americans taking vacation trips this year, you'll spend 11 days away from home—and be bored for the last seven! Three or four days of vacation fun are enough, psychologists have found. After that, a vacation can become boring if poorly planned.

The way to plan value into a vacation is to set a target for your trip. Make your vacation part of something that already interests you.

Some neighbors of ours who enjoy plays always go to a vacation resort near plenty of summer theaters. A model railroader rides short-line and narrow-gauge railroads for his vacations. A rose fancier we know spends his time looking for unusual roses.

Some people stop off at military bases for public demonstrations, such as mass parachute drops at Fort Benning, Ga., and mountain exercises at Fort Carson, Colo. You can "hunt" wild life with a camera



on Audubon society tours and American Forestry association trail rides. You could follow the path an ancestor traveled to settle out West, or trace historic routes like California's *Camino Real* or Lewis and Clark's expedition.

A trip target amounts to an added dividend. You'll not spend your whole vacation at the glass works of Corning, N. Y., but an interest in glass might direct you there and thus to an Empire State resort. Sometimes a trip target cuts your costs. I know a woman who collects sea shells on vacation, and sells her better duplicate finds. Another collects driftwood from which to make lamps. Another scours attics for salable antiques. Some people take a Geiger counter, and prospect for uranium.

\*1111 E St., N.W., Washington 4, D.C. April, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Farm Journal, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

One vacation trip can combine several targets. How nice for mom to shop for antiques while dad is off watching an assembly line!

Skim through a few books and magazines about your interest. You'll find the names of experts or national organizations to contact. Also note places that tie in. Look up such points in the WPA state guide at your library. You'll find good resorts near by. If you've already decided where you're going, see what trip targets are there.

It's easy once you get the hang of the idea, and well worth while. Here are some ideas we've tried.

Collecting is the No. 1 hobby: coins, rocks, antiques, milk glass, wild flowers. There's a national organization and specialized magazine for most hobbies. The collectors' bible is *Hobbies* magazine (1006 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5). Or you could write to an expert at your nearest college or museum.

Eating is a good target if your waistline can stand it. I've had fun in big cities eating at different foreign restaurants; and there's historic eating, say at Williamsburg's old taverns, or eating regional food. The Ford Treasury is a good guide. We also follow Gourmet magazine.

Handmade craft items make fine gifts and it's fun to watch them being made. Or if you've got time, you could stay over for a few weeks (say at Penland in North Carolina) to learn some fascinating handwork for an all-year hobby.

Regional groups, mostly members of the American Craftsmen's Educational council (32 E. 52nd St., New York City), can direct you.

Shopping holds fascination for my wife, even on vacation! One good place is the old Vermont Country Store near Weston. As a guide to craft stores and specialty workshops, my wife swears by Elizabeth Gilpin's Tour and Shop Guide (1715 Walnut St., Philadelphia). It also lists factory outlets for good "seconds" at substantial discounts.

Factories are really fun. Many have guided tours. Best-known are auto plants near Detroit; producers of art objects like the glass works at Corning, N. Y. (visited by 400,000 people last year); food processors like the chocolate people at Hershey, Pa.; and tobacco factories like the R. J. Reynolds plant at Winston-Salem, N.C.

Gardens are a popular vacation target, and there are many of them. The Garden Club of America (15 E. 58th St., New York City 22) and the Horticultural Travel foundation (Hotel Chatham. New York City) will help. I like The Gardener's Travel Book by E. I. Farrington (Oxford University Press, New York City).

All in all, there's every reason to have an aim for your trip beyond "plain fun" or "just loafing." It is necessary to satisfy mind as well as body. A trip target means more fun—and better memories.



# Million-Dollar Bouquet

Hundreds of new flowers appear every year to bring fine rewards to their discoverers

By STEVE KING

Condensed from the American Magazine\*

ATCH YOUR GARDEN carefully this summer. You never know what may come up. A yellow sweet pea? A pure-white giant marigold? A blue rose? Small fortunes are waiting for amateurs who find sensational new flowers.

In the West Indies a few years ago, a minister noticed a strikingly beautiful marigold. Its blossoms were as heavy as chrysanthemums and as brilliant as polished gold. Wondering just what it was, he sent one to the Hastings Seeds Co. in Atlanta. Exciting things began to happen.

Letters cascaded into the clergyman's home. The flower was, indeed, a marigold, but far larger and brighter than usual. Hastings wanted all the seeds the clergyman could find. But the letters came too late; the minister had died. And by the time word of his death reached Atlanta, the plants had been destroyed.

Then began one of the fascinating true-detective adventures which

are going on constantly behind the scenes in America's \$100-million-a-year flower business.

Hot on the trail of the mysterious marigold, Don Hastings, head of the seed firm, learned from the minister's widow that a few seeds, she thought, had been saved by neighbors. Which neighbors? She didn't know, but agreed to ask around. Eventually, she sent Hastings a scant spoonful from plants in a near-by yard.

The flower became the prizewinning Dixie Sunshine marigold, starting a spectacular new strain. The clergyman's widow was given almost \$10 apiece for each of the original seeds.

Opportunities like this are waiting for you, too. The first seeds which will grow into a giant pure white marigold will bring \$10,000 to the discoverer. The W. Atlee Burpee Co. has posted the offer after trying for 20 years to produce such a flower scientifically.

A true-blue rose of normal rose size (not a midget) which can

\*640 5th Ave., New York City 19. March, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

be propagated accurately will be worth at least as much, possibly more. A pure-yellow petunia (there's a new creamy-yellow one just out), a yellow larkspur, a true-blue snapdragon, a pansy which will stay compactly bushed, not getting leggy as it ages, and will bear bigger flowers with longer stems—any of these is worth a modest fortune. But all of them pale beside the potential value of the first bright-yellow sweet pea.

Up to now, apparently, neither man nor nature has been able to create a yellow sweet pea. Those we occasionally see in florists' shops are artificially colored. Three generations of the Cuthbertson family have been hunting a yellow one for

80 years.

Any amateur gardener can use the three standard processes of the plant breeder: 1. cultivation, watching for extraordinary changes and developing them; 2. selection, saving only the best for propagation; and 3. hybridizing, mixing the pollens of different forms of flowers. These basic techniques are paying big dividends to home gardeners.

Consider the experience of Mrs. Beatrice Gilbert of Galesburg, Ill., and the cockeyed cockscomb. One of her neighbors entered a display of cockscomb, a feathery bright-red bloom, in a flower show. Mrs. Gilbert thought they were beautiful, and should win a prize. When they didn't, she protested to one of the judges, a man.

"But they're cockeyed," he argued, and, sure enough, they were. When nature made the grotesque but brilliant cockscomb, she neglected to set it straight. It tilted drunkenly. It was not only askew; it was raggedy. Mrs. Gilbert wondered whether she could improve on nature.

Starting with a 15¢ packet of seeds, she set out first to eliminate the broad, woody stems which made the flowers difficult to arrange in vases. A few of her first plants had roundish stems; theirs were the only seeds she kept. Following this selective process year

#### Roses Are Blue

A BLUE ROSE was actually propagated by the late Father George A. M. Schoener in his garden at Montecito, near Santa Barbara, Calif. Father Schoener, who died in 1941, was a native of Baden, Germany, who became a priest of the Pittsburgh diocese, and retired on account of ill health in 1916, when he went to Oregon, later moving to California. He told about his blue rose in an interview in 1938, at the age of 75, with Father F. M. Lynk, S.V.D., then editor of the Christian Family. The blue rose was stolen, and the species died out. "Lost," Father Schoener muttered sadly, "to the thief, and lost to me." It was the only one he had.

after year, she finally produced cockscomb with slender, sightly stems.

Next she went to work on the cockeyed comb. Trying to make it less raggedy, she saved, for seed, only the most symmetrical. She didn't know exactly what she was trying to accomplish until, one summer day, nature solved her puzzle. In one of her flower beds she found one cockscomb, just one, shaped like a lovely red ball. The following year its seeds produced four such plants, and two years later these four had multiplied into dozens.

She entered some of her best in an international flower show at Chicago. They not only won every award in their division, but brought to her door a stranger, an executive of Vaughan's Seed Co. He arrived complete with checkbook.

Vigilance can bring rewards. It changed the entire pattern of life for a family in San Antonio, Texas.

Eddie Fanick and his wife Maria had a dry-goods store in San Antonio. Mrs. Fanick liked morning-glories; Eddie wasn't crazy about them. But one morning he was stopped cold by a cloud of brilliant red blossoms growing around an old well. He took four seeds from one flower and planted them along a fence in his backyard. In two years, the vines were breaking down the fence. Only the pleas of his wife prevented Eddie from tearing them out by the roots.

IF you discover any new flower, get in touch with a national seed company, describe what you have, and invite inspection. Or you may write to W. Ray Hastings, Executive Secretary-Treasurer, All-America Selections, Box 675, Harrisburg, Pa., for instructions about entering seed in the annual international floral competition.

In New York to buy dry goods late that fall, he noticed a newspaper item reporting that a vivid red morning-glory called Scarlett O'Hara had won top honors in the All-America Selections and was sure to become a sensational seller. Its description was identical with the nuisance climbing all over his back fence. He telephoned big seed companies, and within two hours had orders for all the seeds he could produce.

In a few years he was selling thousands of dollars' worth of scarlet morning-glory seeds annually. Even more important, by selection and cultivation of new colors which nature impishly created from time to time, he was becoming a kingpin in the morning-glory business. Shortly, his hobby was earning more than his dry-goods store, so he did the obvious thing: gave up the store. Today, his commercial floral nursery is famous throughout the Southwest—all because of four tiny seeds.

Happy accidents have earned alert and persevering gardeners fine rewards. Chrysanthemums have always delighted Mr. H. Roy Mosnat of Belle Plaine, Iowa. Strolling in his garden one sundown, he noticed that a chrysanthemum which bore pink blossoms had put out one branch with a bright-yellow flower, a yellow so intense it glinted in the late sun. He snipped off the branch, propagated it successfully, and sent some of the flowers to a seed house. Two days later an executive raced to Belle Plaine, examined the plants, and paid Mr. Mosnat \$1,000 for exclusive rights to sell them.

A few years later, he spotted a new shade of pink, which earned him \$500, as did several other colors he found and developed, notably a rich orchid tint. Then, a few years ago, in planning for the coming 50th reunion of his Harvard law class, he got an ambition to create a chrysanthemum in Harvard crimson.

Working only with ordinary garden tools, depending largely upon insects to do his cross-pollinating, he mixed dozens of colors merely by planting them side by side. One autumn day, in a far corner of his garden, he saw what he wantedthe true Harvard crimson. It appeared on only one flower on one branch of a plant which normally bore another shade of red. He snipped it, rooted it, multiplied it, and sent the first crop of seeds to

the head gardener at Harvard U.

When he attended his 50th reunion last summer, his crimson chrysanthemums were growing in a special garden on the campus. That honor gives him more satisfaction than the fact that a seed company has paid him another \$500 for this color.

A top All-American selection prize was won this year by G. E. McKana of Wilmette. His entry was developed from a shy wildflower known to every Midwestern farm boy, the columbine.

Starting with a wild plant he dug up in the woods and mated with commercial strains only little more noteworthy, McKana was slowly increasing the size of the columbine, when nature suddenly gave him a hand by creating one gigantic plant. It was so big he could hardly believe it. He built a mosquito-netting tent around it to protect it from cross-pollination by insects, planted its seeds the following year, and soon had a big bed of giants.

The blossoms were all one color, light lavender. Carefully dusting them with pollen from columbines of other colors, he produced a wide variety of hues, including white, many reds, and deep purple. Because such an innovation has been known to sell 3 million packets of seed, he stands a chance to earn a king's ransom. And no one is more surprised than he. Mr. McKana is

80 years old.



### It's God's Atom

In giving man the means to destroy the human race, He is putting man's free will to its sternest modern test



By THOMAS E. MURRAY
As told to Henry Lee

Condensed from Better Homes & Gardens\*

once stood within nine miles of one of our big nuclear explosions. I felt that I might be looking into eternity. Here is what it was like.

Space is annihilated, time is measured in millionths of seconds. Temperatures approaching those at the center of the sun are produced. Out of the blackness and stillness of the night, a great ball of light appears. You wear opaque glasses, so dense that ordinary light does not penetrate. You count to three, and then remove the glasses.

Now the fireball surpasses summer's midday sun. It contains energies greater than ever before released by man. There is an empty feeling in the pit of your stomach as you watch the familiar mushroom. Then comes a rush of heat like the opening of a furnace door, a crash that seems to break your eardrums, and does knock you off your feet if you haven't braced yourself. All this happens from nine miles away!

The awesome mass billows sky-

ward with its cargo of radioactive dust. Some of it, perhaps, will sail endlessly around the world and make its presence known wherever it goes. Some of its particles will give off radioactive rays for thousands of years.

Later, at Eniwetok in the Pacific, I participated in MIKE, the test of our first thermonuclear explosion, forerunner of our present hydrogen bomb. Before MIKE, scientists had thought about the possibility of world destruction through nuclear reactions. After MIKE, they knew that the possibility was real.

Man now can make weapons capable of reducing the world to the primitive conditions of the time of Cain and Abel. He even has the means to exterminate the human race completely.

Since MIKE was tested three years ago, even more powerful weapons have been developed. Today, scientists can make an educated guess as to the number of MIKE's needed to destroy, in seconds, the civilization it took man centuries to build.

\*1714 Locust St., Des Moines 3, Iowa. April, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Meredith Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

The number is fewer than scientists had calculated in 1952—and only God knows how much smaller it will become in the years ahead. No wonder that people ask, "Are we not playing with things that

belong to God?"

I believe that God *meant* us to find the atom. And let us not forget that it was He who made the atom. Since it is of God's creation, it is good. Evil lies not in the Giver nor the gift but in the perverse will of man. Those who give in to despair are already suffering in their souls the atomization they fear for their bodies.

Admittedly, we are wrestling with the greatest alteration in man's relation with nature since the time of the Garden of Eden. But his fundamental relation with God has not changed one whit.

The same trial that tested the first man in Eden, and every man since, challenges us in dealing with the atom. It is the exercise of choice, the dangerous freedom to use God-given power for good or ill. Out of a piece of steel, man can fashion a scalpel or a dagger.

After five years of almost ceaseless contemplation of the atom, in all its wonder and horror, I continue to believe intensely in three virtues I learned as a child. They are faith, hope, and charity. More than ever in history, man needs to believe and accept them today. We need faith that we may be brought nearer to nature's God and not be led astray by a false man-made god called science. We must hope that with God's help we can avert the terrible fate which war, powered by the atom, can bring. Charity will make us truly learn (learn or die) the old, old words, "Love one another as I have loved you."

Against our fears, I oppose a great hope. The physical discoveries which have shaken the spiritual faith of some men are also shaking the philosophic foundations of materialism. Some leading non-religious scientists are beginning to acknowledge divine creation.

What a far cry from the mechanistic hopes and religious skepticism of the 19th century! What a challenge to godly men of science, trained in their philosophy and their faith, to reconcile scientific and religious thinking and to proclaim that genuine science and religion are never in conflict. There are today startling possibilities for a religious breakthrough into the secular mind. Pope Pius XII has said, "According to the measure of its progress, true science discovers God in an ever-increasing degree, as though God were waiting behind every door opened by science."

The spiritual aspect of the atom transcends all the other problems, military, political, and economic. Atomic bombs are dangerous only because some men cannot be trusted. Our crisis today comes from man's greed and will to power, his refusal to submit to reason.

Like ourselves, every person in the Soviet Union is a human being, compounded of mortal body and immortal soul. Each is dear to God, his Creator, just as we men and women of the Western world are dear to Him.

As Christians, we must hope that the Red leaders can be made to see that there would be no value in an earth made barren by atomic war. We must pray for that, with our lips and with the example of holy lives.

Atheistic scientists sometimes seem more concerned for peace than those of us who believe that peacemakers are blessed. That is because of their inside information about what nuclear war would do to all of us. Therefore, if one does hope to be a blessed peacemaker in this critical year of 1955, he must grasp the facts of atomic life.

You, I, the American public cannot "leave it to the experts." In this cosmic drama, there are no experts. It is not enough to be merely a technician. For unless the technician aspires to become a saint, he cannot succeed in handling the atom.

For survival, we need a broad base of informed civilians. That is the only way in which we can cope with the immoral fatalism that considers war "inevitable." Such an attitude is like trying to deny hell by refusing to think about it.

Perhaps the secrecy surrounding certain especially sensitive areas of atomic information contributes to our present apathy. But the extent of the secrecy is greatly exaggerated; it is more an alibi for than an explanation of our abandonment of the normal functioning of public opinion. When the chips are down, the great atomic decisions must come from the hearts and souls of ordinary men, not the skilled brains of scientists.

We cannot undo the atom. Nor should we even try to cork the genie back into the bottle, for one simple reason: the concerted, atheistic threat against all we hold dear has increased in the ratio that the hydrogen bomb has surpassed the rifle. We must remain armed to the teeth to contain that threat.

But there are other than military uses for the atom. In this country, the demand for power is doubling every ten years, and there are many other parts of the world where the power shortage is acute. We talk vaguely of using the atom "for peace." But we ourselves are comfortably supplied with the standard fuels, even if many other countries are not. We can wait for the development of large nuclear reactors (the atomic-power engines), even if they cannot.

Therefore, I say, we face a problem that calls for a heart-and-soul solution. In the U.S. we have a technology and industrial capability that are unsurpassed, a pool of brilliant scientists who could accelerate the development of atomic power. Overseas are have-not nations which desperately need power.

Shall we fail them? Shall we say, "We could have atomic electric power if we wished it. But, unlike you people, we don't really need it today. So let's wait for economic and financial forces to move it ahead." Actually, though we are investigating many different reactor types, there is only one operating reactor in the U.S. today! If we fail to push a broad, vigorous program in this field, we may rightly be accused of following a dog-in-the-manger policy.

Consider the consequences if the USSR should win the industrial-power race. Certainly, the price tag for nuclear-power reactors would be very high. No doubt the purchasers would have to surrender their birthrights and civil liberties as the down payment. What a tragedy if world leadership in reactors fell to the Reds by our default!

We should use the atom to help eliminate want wherever it exists. By developing nuclear power, we can simultaneously enrich ourselves and the world, both materially and spiritually.

But merely spreading atomic benefits, however generously we may decide to do it, is not the final answer to the 20th-century dilemma. A material solution alone can never be the whole answer, for only in the realm of the spirit does man become complete.

It was faith in man alone that

robbed us of our peace, and only a universal return to faith in God will restore it. We must crusade, not only with good works, but also with prayer that supernatural faith may lay hold of all hearts.

I do not mean to speak in tones of careless reassurance as one sometimes does to a child. For all you and I know, it may be the will of God to make the 20th century "closing time" for the human race. But we do know from the law He implanted in us that we must use the normal means to stay alive as long as possible. Our nation and the human race have a duty to the Almighty to avoid ending our civilization before God's good time.

Yet how can we ignore the manmade threats? How can we ignore the fear, not panic but a holy fear, that our lives are failing Him in the time of his sternest test?

If each of us does his part, the rest is simple: "Thy will be done." Once, you may remember, a wise and simple man named Francis was hoeing in his garden, Someone asked, "If an angel appeared to tell you, Francis, that tonight you are to die, what would you do?" And St. Francis very calmly answered, "Keep on hoeing in the garden."

With all its tremendous complications, with the very future of the human race at stake, our atomic agony comes down to this. We keep on hoeing and await God's will. In faith, we must look beyond Eniwetok to Galilee.

## Kerrigan of Merck & Co.

By V. B. FIELD

AMES J. KERRIGAN is president of Merck & Co., a pharmaceutical firm with a \$160-million-a-year business and 11,000 employees. When he joined the company in 1907 it was grossing about \$2 million and

employing 300 people. Kerrigan, then a lad of 13, was taken on as errand boy at \$3 a week.

If you are about to invoke the name of Horatio Alger, it will please you to learn that in 1952 Kerrigan actually was given the Horatio Alger award. That is an honor given annual ly to an American

who has climbed from humble beginnings in the old-fashioned way suggested by such Alger titles as Struggling Upward and Strive and Succeed.

Curiously, an attachment to Alger's most famous character, Ragged Dick, almost cost young Jim Kerrigan his job only a few days after he began running errands for Merck's. One afternoon he was told to deliver 75 pounds of chloral hydrate to a druggist in

downtown New York. Aboard a Broadway horsecar, he became so absorbed in a pocket edition of Ragged Dick that he nearly missed his stop. At the last moment, he stuffed the book into his jacket,

gathered up his two unwieldy jars, and hopped from the moving trolley.

The crash landing was sensational. Chloral hydrate has an acrid, pervasive odor. "Within a few minutes," Kerrigan recalls, wincing slightly, "most of lower Broadway knew that something unusual had taken

place. But the real shock came when I faced the boss. The chemical was worth \$50. For the next two years I was paying for it at the rate of 50¢ a week, a sixth of my wages."

After outstriving even the hero of Strive and Succeed, Kerrigan in more recent years has been in a position to play the role of another kind of Alger character: the shrewd self-made man who recognizes and rewards honest ambition.



One of his top executives was a doorman at the Monmouth hotel in Spring Lake, N. J., when Kerri-

gan discovered him.

The pattern isn't always followed so neatly. Kerrigan, who has the engaging faculty of hugely enjoying a joke on himself, loves to tell about the time he became interested in an alert waiter at the 21 Club in New York. Convinced, after looking into his background, that he was the right man for Merck's, Kerrigan offered him a job with an excellent starting salary. "Why, I make more than that here in tips!" exclaimed his discovery.

Although Kerrigan had recently arrived from Ireland when he got his first job, he was not an immigrant in the usual sense of the term. He was born in Brooklyn, on Jan. 25, 1894. But while he was still an infant, the family moved to Ireland, and he passed his boyhood in that country. Possibly his taste for business was first stimulated by the bazaar-like atmosphere of his grandmother's Dublin shop, a fascinating combination of miniature department store and pawnshop.

He learned the three R's at Holy Faith convent, in Glasnevin. "My education was really built upon sand," says Kerrigan. "We all had little individual sandboxes instead of slates. We learned the alphabet by writing letters in the sand. It saved money, and it was fun. After our teacher, Sister Mary Agatha, had checked our work, we'd just

shuffle the sand and start in again."

Sister Mary Agatha, a profoundly inspirational teacher, was to be a devoted friend of Kerrigan's for half a century. When she lay ill in the convent infirmary in 1950, she had the satisfaction of hearing that her most eminent pupil was to be awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the National university in Dublin. Kerrigan went to her bedside immediately after the ceremony. She died three weeks later.

The Kerrigan family came back to the U.S. in the fall of 1907, in the middle of a depression. Jim, dressed in a high-waisted Irishtweed suit, started looking for a job. He went to work at Merck & Co. the day before Thanksgiving, and was delighted to find that he would be given the next day off. But when he opened his first pay envelope, he found that 50¢ had been deducted for the holiday.

At 17, Kerrigan was sent to Montreal to open a sales office. Ten years later, he became vice president and general manager of sales and purchasing. He'd hate to see any young man nowadays abandon his education to try for such early success. He thinks that in an age of specialization young people should get as much education as possible, not just for their own happiness but for national security. "Look at Russia," he says. "There they are turning out 54,000 engineers a year to our 20,000."

His concern with education has recently resulted in establishment of Merck's Directors' Scientific Awards. Under that program, the company honors the achievements of its research scientists by bestowing grants in their names on colleges of the scientists' choosing.

Kerrigan's farsightedness during the 1930's kept the U.S. from running out of a vital medical ingredient after the 2nd World War broke out. It was only because of his persistent needling of State-department officials that enough red tape was cut to bring about the stockpiling of opium before our lines of supply were cut. During the war, he served as chairman of the subcommittee on medicinal chemicals of the government Munitions board.

He became president of the company in 1950, the first time anyone but a member of the Merck family had been elected to that position. Under his leadership, the firm has carried on a vast research program. The result has been increased production of synthetic vitamins, penicillin, streptomycin, and cortisone.

Kerrigan believes that a keen sense of civic responsibility is an essential qualification for anybody who deals in pharmaceutics. He has made vigorous efforts to root out black-market operations in the "wonder" drugs. When an acute shortage of cortisone developed a few years ago, he took immediate steps to see that it was distributed throughout the country strictly according to need.

The Kerrigans, who were married in 1918, have five children, three sons and twin daughters, and seven grandchildren. When the twins were born, Kerrigan, on one of his, many European journeys, had to do his corridor-pacing 4,000 miles away, aboard the snowbound Orient Express in Turkey. Jim and his wife now have an apartment in New York City and a house in Summit, N. J. They spend summers on Cape Cod or in Ireland.

Kerrigan was particularly pleased when he was selected for the Horatio Alger award, for he thinks that the Alger philosophy, with its emphasis on industry and self-reliance, is excellent. Excellent, that is, as far as it goes. He knows that if the tireless Horatio had been fortunate enough to breathe the air of Sister Mary Agatha's world for awhile, he would have had more than material achievement in mind when he spoke of "struggling upward."

It was more than material achievement that was responsible for Kerrigan's being named a Knight of Malta, one of the highest honors a Catholic layman can receive, in 1951. And it was more than material achievement that his daughter Laura had in mind when she wrote to him, on the day he became president of his firm, "The only thing anyone could ever accuse you of doing to excess is loving those around you."

#### Crusade in Asia

Review by JIM BISHOP Editor, Catholic Digest Book Club

ENERAL CARLOS ROMULO has written himself quite a book. It is called *Crusade in Asia* and, unless all the signs fail us, it should be on your best-seller list by the time you read this. For this is, most of all, a candid book about the Philippine Islands and about what has happened to them since the U.S. gave them their freedom.

It is a serious work; an ideal balance to some of the light reading you have been getting from The Catholic Digest Book Club. It is neither light, nor romantic, nor fluffy reading, but then, neither is it difficult.

Romulo was a newspaperman first of all. He writes like a good journalist should, tersely and unequivocally. He's about as subtle as a punch in the nose. He finds mistakes aplenty in the regime of President Quirino, and he tells about them bluntly. Nor does he spare himself; he confesses candidly that the bright young man he employed as a messenger at the United Nations was a communist. He admits that when the Huks first began to arm in the hills of Luzon, all responsible officials dismissed them as a band of lunatics.

The Huks? Lunatics? They were

better armed than the Philippine army, and they were more eager to fight. They had banded together to defy country and Catholic Church in a big red fanatic wave of communism. They almost succeeded. Their defeat reads like an old-time thriller, with the Marines coming over the hill at the last second.

"Turn Red, our Christian land that had been trained in democratic ideals and had fought to uphold those ideals from Corregidor to the hills in our farthest provinces? Never in a thousand years," Romulo writes. "But it almost happened."

He was a foolish man to think that it could not happen to his country. A very foolish man. Spin a globe and take a look for yourself. Back in 1917, a handful of Bolsheviks took over 150 million people in Russia. More recently, they did a colossal job in China. In all history, no one had been able to conquer all of China. The Kremlin did it with a kiss. In Guatemala, where almost everyone is Catholic, 2,500 Reds took over the country almost between sundown and sunrise. So what would make any man, especially a statesman, say to himself: "It cannot happen to me"?

Some nations, in crisis, are able to produce the man they need. This was true of the Philippines. An ex-garage mechanic, Ramon Magsaysay, good family man, good Catholic, a "peasant guerrilla," stepped forward to defend his native land from the Huks. In the opening hours of the fight, he weeded out scores of high-ranking army officers who were overcome by fear, or who were too friendly with the Huks. For a while, it seemed that he had inflicted more damage on the army than the enemy; but, within a year, Magsaysay had the Huk fragments backed into the hills. Many were killed, some were re-educated to the ways of democracy.

A group of converts complained that they had no homes. Magsaysay went out to buy Quonset huts, and learned that the seller was charging robber's prices. So he took the quick course. He rounded up some old guerrilla friends, armed them with rifles, walked into the supply dump, and walked out with 140 huts.

The people needed roofs over their heads. Magsaysay got them. It seems almost anticlimactic that this man was later elected president of the Philippines. It seems shameful that we Americans know so little about the great Catholic fortress to the East, against which the communist line leans.

If you were to buy Crusade in Asia (publisher: John Day) in a bookstore, it would cost you \$4. Catholic Digest Book Club members receive it for \$2.95, plus postage. See the advertisement on inside front cover.

To join the Catholic Digest Book Club, all you have to do is to send a postcard to: Catholic Digest Book Club, Desk 55, 100 Sixth Avenue, New York 13, N. Y., and write your name and address on the back. Send no money.

Indicate which one of the four books below you want for only 10¢ (or you may have any three for only \$2.95—we'll bill you later). You will be enrolled immediately as a member, and the book or books of your selection will be shipped at once. Our four gift selections are: I'll Cry Tomorrow by Lillian Roth; The Deliverance of Sister Cecilia by Sister Cecilia as told to William Brinkley; Don Camillo (his Little World and his Dilemma, two books in one) by Giovanni Guareschi; and 100 Great Lives, edited by John Allen.

As a member, you are asked to take a minimum of four selections a year from the 12 the board of editors will announce. No matter how high the retail price of the book selected is, you pay only \$2.95, plus a little postage.



Here is how a friend described his first expedition into a Catholic bookstore: "I always thought those places were full of pious books and not much else. To my surprise, there was a whole section just for novels, and all around me were books by famous Catholic writers—mystery stories and books of humor, biographies of people like Father Damien, Knute Rockne, and wonderful books by Thomas Merton and Bishop Sheen. I also picked up a CATHOLIC DIGEST, and am glad I did. They tell me its circulation among non-Catholics is surprising, and I can believe it.

"Although most secular books and magazines say nothing against God, I have just begun to realize that they made me forget God because He was never mentioned! Over a period of time, God faded farther and farther from my consciousness, just because I never read about Him. Maybe that's why I now get so many lifts out of reading books and articles written by those who share my faith."

It struck me that this letter might sharpen the point on why people should be urged to read the Catholic press.

Robert Smith, S. J.



# Here's what happened to the brother who stayed on the farm

Everybody knows the farm boy who made his fortune in the city. You'll find his name on the doors of a million offices.

But what happened to his brother . . . the boy who stayed on the farm? Plenty

happened!

The country brother knew he couldn't go on farming with muscle power. Industry provided machines-tractors, combines, and corn pickers - and by their use, the country brother transformed Agriculture. His mechanized Farm-Factory now turns out food and

fibre at a manhour rate never before approached.

What's ahead for the brother who stayed on the farm? Machines like the Minneapolis-Moline Uni-Farmor illustrate the dramatic forward step farmers are taking right now. With his Uni-Farmor, the modern Farmer-Businessman can harvest hay, silage, grain, beans, seed crops, and corn-using the same, basic, self-propelled machine.

Minneapolis-Moline is proud to serve the brother who stayed on the farm. We figure Agriculture is safe in his hands.

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#### NEAPOLIS-MOLINE

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MM Uni-Huskors placed 1st, 2s d 3rd at 1954 International

MM MACHINES WORK FOR THE WORLD

